

OCTOBER 31, 1988



**Saga of the
Whales**

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TIME

The Nuclear Scandal

**The Clawsons of Ohio
blame the Fernald
uranium plant for
cancer in their family.
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Finally, this 325i embodies the meticulous construction and longer development time that traditionally enables 3-Series models to retain thousands of dollars more of their value on the resale lot than imitation BMW's.**

If you're in the market for a family sports sedan, contact your authorized BMW dealer for a thorough test drive of the 325i.

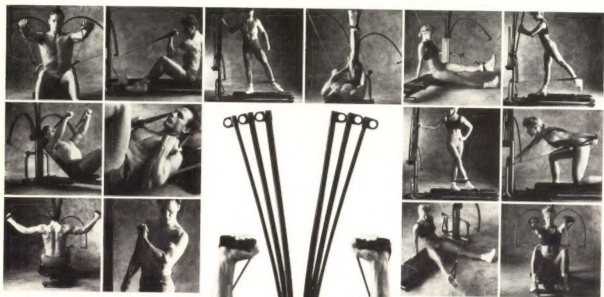
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*Marked Buyer's suggested retail price \$24,650 for 1989 325i 2-door. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price excludes taxes, license, options, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. **Comparison based on Kelley Blue Book Official Residual Value Guide, May-June 1988. Prices may vary. © 1988 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

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CYCLING AND FITNESS



COVER: Supersecret **60** U.S. bombmakers produce a dangerous mess that imperils the well-being of Americans

While belatedly admitting past horrors, weapons officials refuse to accept responsibility in their single-minded mission to make nuclear bombs at all costs. Charges mount that radioactive wastes are poisoning the air and water and contaminating residents near facilities. And the costs of cleaning up and making aging facilities safe are staggering. See ENVIRONMENT.



NATION: Is it all over for Dukakis? **12** How he might turn his campaign around with luck and late-inning lightning

"He can still win," says a G.O.P. pollster. But as Bush holds on to a commanding lead, the Duke needs a big break—plus more of the populist passion he showed last week. ▶ Jesse Jackson is back on the stump for the Democrats—and for himself. ▶ Nancy Reagan returns some designer dresses. ▶ Should the U.S. double the cigarette tax? A campaign Essay on health care.



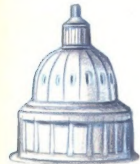
WORLD: Israel's election campaign **25** features a diet of demagoguery, diatribe, distortion and plain dirt

The Palestinian uprising turns the Nov. 1 vote into a referendum on policies toward the occupied territories. The Labor and Likud parties hope the ballot will grant them a divorce. ▶ Ferdinand Marcos is indicted on U.S. racketeering charges. ▶ In Afghanistan rebel leader Ahmad Shah Massoud girds for a showdown with government forces. ▶ Yugoslavia's crisis deepens as politicians squabble.



NATURE: Three whales icebound in the Arctic spur a rescue effort **76**

What began as an unlikely alliance of whalers, oil companies, scientists and environmental activists became a massive project attended by a media circus, prompting questions about America's conservation priorities. What about the plight of whales beyond the view of network cameras?



BUSINESS: Corporate fat cats stage a comeback

Loopholes in the campaign reform laws have helped business donors make the 1988 election the most free-spending in history. ▶ A new wave of merger mania.

44

INTERVIEW: A banker attacks entitlements

Peter Peterson, thinking the politically unthinkable, urges taxes on Social Security and cuts in Medicare for the well-off elderly in order to invest in America's youth.

66

NOBELS: Triumphs of patience

A slew of new Nobel laureates are recognized for developing drugs, insights into the subatomic world, unraveling the mysteries of photosynthesis, and a theory of prices and markets.

71

ART: A look at the oldest visual tradition on earth

In Manhattan a show illuminates the art of Australia's Aborigines, who evoke their Dreamings, or spirit ancestors, in works of striking beauty.

79

BOOKS: Taking the full measure of Winston Churchill

Two biographers, William Manchester and Martin Gilbert, look at the statesman who was described as having "lightning in the brain."

▶ Isaac Bashevis Singer, 84, astonishes with a new novel.

87

SPORT: Baseball anoints the poor little Dodgers

A World Series of ultimate fantasies takes one swing of Kirk Gibson, two games of Orel Hershiser, shakes it all up with Tommy Lasorda, and comes out with a clear-cut underdog and champion.

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Cover:
Photograph by
Neil Leifer

From the Publisher

As you know, millions of Americans will go to the polls on Nov. 8 to elect a new President. What you may not know is that five days earlier, on Nov. 3, millions of American students and their parents will vote for a new President in a mock election sponsored principally by Time Inc. United by a live nationwide satellite broadcast, they will be taking part in the largest voter-education project ever.

The National Student/Parent Mock Election, started eight years ago by a New York City educator named Gloria Kirshner, is designed to encourage grammar and high school students to discuss the issues and get into the habit of voting. "I wanted to help young people feel they can control their own destinies, as well as the destiny of their nation," Kirshner says. "It's the same sense of powerlessness that keeps some people from voting that also leads many students to drop out of school." Two million participated in the program in 1984, and this year many more are expected to take part.

TIME has helped out by mailing guidebooks on the issues to the country's 15,000 school districts. Over the coming days, stu-



Election-night anchors Suri and Murphy

"Many of us will be voting for real in 1992."

"This gives students a chance to feel like they are part of something bigger," says Jeremi Suri, 16. Erin Murphy, 17, thinks the mock election will be taken seriously by politicians. After all, she says, "many of us will be voting for real in the next presidential election in 1992."

dents will take part in discussions in their classrooms—and, we hope, at home with their parents—about the national issues outlined in TIME's booklet. Then on Nov. 3, the students and parents will vote for members of Congress and Governors, as well as for President; they will also answer a questionnaire on topics ranging from drug laws to arms control developed for TIME by the polling firm Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. The results from each school will be telephoned to a state coordinator, who in turn will relay the totals to the Time & Life Building in New York City.

There the votes will be tallied live on C-SPAN in a broadcast anchored by Mary Alice Williams of CNN and several New York City high schoolers.

Robert L. Miller

Watching Good Morning America this week could help you go to college, buy a house, or prevent World War III.

The man you put in the White House is going to have a serious effect on your life. So it makes sense to be sure he shares your views on important things like education, defense and the economy. Watch "Charles Gibson Across America: The Vote and The Voters." It's a five day tour through five battleground states, where you'll get an in-depth look at the key election issues. You'll find out what the experts think. Where the candidates stand. And what it all means to voters like you. Watch it, beginning Monday October 31st. It'll be the most important thing you do all day.



Charles Gibson Across America: The Vote and The Voters



GOOD MORNING AMERICA

Oct. 31–Nov. 4, 7:00–9:00 AM

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Letters

SUCCESS ON HIGH

"People need the animal excitement of a real challenge and new frontiers."

Robert Burruss, Kensington, Md.



America is back, and while we can delight in the joy of *Discovery*, we should be worried as well [SPACE, Oct. 10]. Although this was a giant leap for NASA, it is but one small step for our space program. The next President must have the vision to establish the kind of agenda that would include the Soviet Union. A final irony would be for the Soviet and American flags to be planted side by side on the soil of Mars, next to a plaque that reads THEY CAME TO THE GOD OF WAR ON A MISSION OF PEACE.

Jeffrey Alan Henning
Tempe, Ariz.

What's with "Whew!?" How about "Hooray!?" Or why not "Wow!?" Was there any doubt that *Discovery's* trip would be successful? Science and technology will triumph over luck every time.

Fred Dunn
Agoura, Calif.

Why are we spending huge sums of money exploring outer space when there is so much wrong with planet earth? Can

the American Government justify the huge expenditures on defense and the space program while letting its own backyard fall into decay?

Meena Robinson
Fanwood, N.J.

Dennis Overbye in "Stardust Memories" says, "NASA needs a dream again" [ESSAY, Oct. 10]. Mankind is a self-challenging species. Its traditional mode of stimulation is war, horrible and destructive. People need the animal excitement of a real challenge and new frontiers. A flat-out space race would not be boring. A bold and imaginative world leader might divert his nation's entire military budget to building bases on the moon and Mars, and orbiting factories.

Robert Burruss
Kensington, Md.

Tarnished Medal

A parent's anger and disappointment over a misbehaving child soon turn to comfort and love; Canada reacted in a like manner to the scandal surrounding sprinter Ben Johnson when he tested positive for the anabolic steroid stanozolol and lost his gold medal [SPECIAL SECTION, Oct. 10]. Canadians were wounded and upset. Yet we quickly realized that it's time we stopped treating athletes like gold-getting machines and started looking at them as human beings.

Dianna Morello
Toronto

Comparing the number of medals won by the superpowers at the Olympic Games has always seemed to me an unfair calculation. Being Swedish by birth and Australian by adoption, I am connected to two countries that would more than hold their own in medals won on a per capita basis. The Games should be viewed as originally intended—contests of individuals, not of nations.

Arn Gabrielsen
Fremantle, Australia

The proper way to minimize undue physical advantage in sports is not to disqualify but to classify. Athletes are already separated according to weight in many sports and by sex in nearly all of them. Why not simply make the use of performance-enhancing drugs a further basis for classification and let the dopers compete openly among themselves?

Teddi Bynum
Saarbrücken, West Germany

Bentsen vs. Quayle

In their debate in Omaha, Senator Lloyd Bentsen's overdramatic and venomous response to Senator Dan Quayle's comparison of himself to Jack Kennedy told me a lot more about candidate Bent-

Do you know where your next fender is coming from?

America's body shops are being flooded with imitation parts. Look-alike doors. Copycat hoods. Imitation bumpers, grilles, fenders and more. And, like many imitations, they don't come close to the originals.

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Letters

sen than about Quayle [NATION, Oct. 17]. I expected more grace and wisdom from an elder statesman.

*Kathleen Holi
Chicago*

I suppose those people who saw Quayle's performance during the vice-presidential debate and still plan to vote for the ticket that will put him a heartbeat away from the presidency are absolutely convinced of George Bush's immortality.

*Frank Apisa
Piscataway, N.J.*

Quayle is no Jack Kennedy; therefore, there would be no Marilyn Monroe, no Bay of Pigs and no taint of mobsters around the White House. Thank God.

*Martin Cohen
Owings Mills, Md.*

Bentsen is clearly the best qualified man to be President, and if we had a play-off among Bentsen, Bush, Dukakis and Quayle, I think Bentsen would win.

*Thomas L. Hughes
New York City*

Senior Parents

Whether children born of older parents [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 10] are at a disadvantage is debatable. Perhaps senior parents have more understanding and patience than younger ones. Recently, when my son was asked if he was bothered by my age (I am 53), he replied, "Mom, you're not old. After all, you post-date the light bulb!" On the other hand, my eldest child resented terribly that his father died when he was only seven years old, but young parents die too.

*Marjorie LeMaire
St. Louis*

Let's hear from children of young parents. Maybe they would complain about early marriages dissolving in divorce, preoccupation with careers instead of child care and the parents who try to upstage their kids on the playing field.

*David C. Rowe
Tucson*

The Abortion Pill

Now a pill that takes away not a headache or a runny nose but an unwanted pregnancy [MEDICINE, Oct. 10]. Must we treat a surprise pregnancy as a disease? Has the fetus been dehumanized to this extent?

*Steven Massoud
New Bedford, Mass.*

The abortion-inducing pill RU-486, if proved safe, would be an excellent way to control unwanted pregnancies in the U.S.

I am angry when I hear about fanatical antiabortion associations like the National Right to Life Committee. If I become pregnant and I decide I do not want to have a baby, I will not have it. That is my choice to make, and not one to be made by others.

*Debbie L. Kane
Asheville, N.C.*

Playing the A.C.L.U. Card

It's bad enough that many Americans misunderstand the main purpose of the American Civil Liberties Union (NATION, Oct. 10), which is to help protect basic freedoms under the Bill of Rights for all citizens of this country, whether or not the issue or the person is popular. But to have a presidential candidate, Bush, who does not comprehend—and openly ridicules—this organization is not only a tragedy, it is downright frightening for the welfare of the nation.

*Helen W. Wesser
Albany*

ELVIS: What's in a Name?

If we are going to play anagrams with the name ELVIS, let's make it an honest game. Some see LIVES. I see EVILS. Any way you want to look at it, this whole Elvis Presley cult [SHOW BUSINESS, Oct. 10] is getting ridiculous, and I for one am damned tired of it.

*Pearl J. Rosenstein
Scarsdale, N.Y.*

ELVIS an anagram for LIVES? It must be pointed out that LIVES is an anagram for LEVI's too. Is there some mystic connection between the three words? Does this mean LLVIVS LIVES in LEVI's?

*Ruth Holton
Seawane, Tenn.*

Inspired Response

TIME's cover story "Who Was Jesus?" [RELIGION, Aug. 15] has generated 2,117 letters, the largest number for a single story since 1980, when the Ayatollah Khomeini was named as 1979's Man of the Year. Of those who judged Martin Scorsese's film *The Last Temptation of Christ*, only 29% favored it. On the cover story, 54% supported TIME for dealing with the issues raised. A number of readers corrected our phraseology, suggesting we should have asked who Jesus is, not who he was.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed to TIME at (212) 512-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Critics' Choice



THEATER

RECKLESS. Writer Craig Lucas and director Norman René (*Three Postcards*) take a hilarious and moving off-Broadway journey through one woman's bad dream, fantasy or, maybe, truly terrible life.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. John Steinbeck's inflamed novel of the 1930s Dust Bowl migration becomes a ruthlessly unsentimental play-with-music by Chicago's Steppenwolf troupe.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Mark Lamos, one of America's most innovative stagings of Shakespeare, emphasizes the psychological backdrop of the airy-fairy love tale at his Hartford Stage Company.



TELEVISION

THE VAN DYKE SHOW and **ANNIE MCGUIRE** (CBS, Oct. 26, 8 p.m. EDT). They first won our hearts as Rob and Laura Petrie. Now, several TV successes and failures later, Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore are making stabs at a prime-time comeback in back-to-back sitcoms.

E.T. (MCA Home Video, Oct. 27). Six years after he set box-office records, Hollywood's fa-

vorite alien finally phones home video. It promises to be the top-selling movie cassette ever.

THE MIKADO (PBS, Oct. 28, 9 p.m.). Director Jonathan Miller turns the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta into a Marx Brothers-style musical in this English National Opera production, which opens the *Great Performances* season.

FAVORITE SON (NBC, Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1, 9 p.m. EST). A charismatic young Senator (Harry Hamlin) schemes for the vice-presidential nomination in a three-part mini-series, based not on Dan Quayle's life story but on a novel by ex-network executive Steve Sohmer.



ART

GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM 1915-1925. Los Angeles County Museum of Art. A survey of war-weary "second-generation" expressionists, forging an avant-garde in search of a new art and a better society.

EDGAR DEGAS. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. If there must be blockbuster shows, this is the kind to have—huge (more than 300 works), thought provoking and beautiful. Its like will not be seen again in our lifetime. Through Jan. 8.

POUSSIN: THE EARLY YEARS IN ROME. Kimbell Museum, Fort Worth. The first major exhibit in North America devoted to the 17th century master who was the father of classical French painting.



BOOKS

THE FIRST SALUTE by Barbara W. Tuchman (Knopf, \$22.95). The distinguished and eminently readable historian (*The Guns of August*) sets the American Revolution against the struggles of 18th century Europe for colonies and commerce. Among her heroes: the hardy Dutch, who were first to recognize officially the birthright of the new American nation.

A BRIGHT SHINING LIE by Neil Sheehan (Random House, \$24.95). In a riveting portrait, John Paul Vann, a top U.S. adviser in Viet Nam, emerges as a man who embodied the contradictions of his ill-fated mission: a courageous do-gooder with a dark streak of amorality.

BERNARD SHAW: THE SEARCH FOR LOVE by Michael Holroyd (Random House, \$24.95). The first of a projected three-volume life takes its brilliant, cantankerous subject to age 42, through journalism—and love affairs—to playwrighting and toward his towering reputation.



MUSIC

TOM WAITS: BIG TIME (Island). The raucous low-life reveries of rock's only postmodern beatnik. Taken from the sound track of Waits' concert film.

KEITH RICHARDS: TALK IS CHEAP (Virgin). From the shacking dance-club tune *Big Enough* to the sinuous *Locked Away*, Keith Richards' first solo album is a gas. Surprise: the hardest rolling Stone is a take-charge songwriter. Who needs Mick?

BRITTEN: PAUL BUNYAN (Virgin). Amazingly, Sir Benjamin's uneful first opera was conceived in 1939 as a Broadway show with a libretto by W.H. Auden. It never played the Great White Way, but it comes to vibrant life in conductor Philip Brunelle's hands.

BIZET: SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR; "L'ARLESIENNE" SUITE (Erato). Grace, style, panache and a certain *je ne sais quoi*. Bizet had it all. Just what the doctor ordered when you're sick of the three German Bs.



MOVIES

SALAAM BOMBAY! An Indian Oliver Twist learns the ways of slum-life survival in Mira Nair's poignant documentary fable. See *Bombay* and lose your heart.

THINGS CHANGE. Don Ameche is an aging artisan mistaken for a Mafia boss, and Joe Mantegna the gangland golfer who helps an old man come alive. David Mamet directed and co-wrote this beguiling men's-club anecdote.

ANOTHER WOMAN. Woody Allen goes serious again, but brilliantly this time. Gena Rowlands plays a New Yorker who has reached that point in life when what is past hope is past regret, but not past consolation.

American Ideas

Ecotopia

A Land Where Ideals And Sensuality Reign

A California writer's ecological classic wins a new generation of admirers

BY DAVID BRAND



The Ecotopians are not like you and me. They favor fanciful hats and eccentric leggings, all made from natural materials. They work only 20 hours a week, smoke marijuana legally, like to give one another back rubs and reject conspicuous consumption. What they really care about is their land, their air, their water and one another, all of which they regard with an almost obsessive passion.

For many American high school and college students, the appeal of this land of vaulting ideals and valued indolence is seductive. Surveying their own daily diet of angst, fetid air and befouled shores, students' common response is "When can I move there?"

But a passage to Ecotopia is impossible to buy, because this country of fiercely energized environmentalists exists only in the mind of Berkeley writer Ernest ("Chick") Callenbach, 59. Since his novel *Ecotopia* was first published in 1975, it has become an environmental classic. Now, after a summer of discontent—ozone smog, sewage and medical wastes on beaches and fears of a global warming caused by the greenhouse effect—the novel is winning new popularity. "It's a super book. It really gets students discussing solutions to our environmental problems," says William Hastings, a professor at San Diego Mesa College, who is using the book in a high school political science honors course.

All of this is faintly bemusing to Callenbach, a tall, donnish man who edits nature books and the scholarly movie magazine *Film Quarterly* at the University of California Press. Part prophet and part cranky critic, he is in demand these days as a speaker at gatherings of ecologists and government planners. "People ask me,

"How could such a world come about?" I use the example of the vast change in smoking behavior in this country, which is a paradigm of the way in which social change toward Ecotopian patterns is happening and is going to happen. When you give people a choice between living and dying, on the whole more choose living."



Author Ernest Callenbach at home with *Ecotopian*, pesticide-free apples

"Humans like to play and mess around... No other species would put up with having to sit at a desk all day."

When Callenbach created his fable about a country that sacrifices consumption in order to ensure survival, he was unable to find a publisher for the slim, 167-page novel. So he published it himself, raising the \$3,500 cost from friends. "I thought it had some modest virtues and might even sell 2,500 copies." To date, worldwide sales are about half a million. The book has been translated into eight languages and has gone through eleven printings in the U.S. since Bantam Books bought the rights twelve years ago.

Ecotopia is set in 1999, nearly 20 years after Washington, Oregon and much of California, sickened by environmental degradation, swollen military budgets and inflation in the U.S., have announced their secession from the Union. They have outlawed the internal-combustion engine, banned a host of consumer products, from microwave ovens to electric can openers, and expropriated all waterfront property. They have also encouraged such an independent spirit in women that they have become sexual predators and even control the ruling party. Into this world of spartan but sensual living comes a reporter, the first American to visit Ecotopia since independence, to explore Ecotopian technology, the almost religious reverence for nature, and social habits, both appealing and appalling.

When Callenbach began researching the book, he recalled a work he had read while a student at the University of Chicago, *Science and Sanity*, in which author Alfred Korzybski talked about man's capacity for "non survival" behavior. "He used the term largely in a social sense, but it seemed applicable to a wide range of things that we started doing in this century and that seemed like a good idea at the time, but now persist even when circumstances have changed and the habits have become self-defeating." Callenbach mentions things like nuclear plants and chemical fertilizers that end up polluting lakes and streams. "I'm not antitechnology, but there are a lot of things that a rational society probably would not have much use for."

Callenbach began by looking at sewage. "I come from a long line of Calvinist Dutch preachers, and I knew that

throwing all of this valuable organic material down the drain was just plain wrong." What he created for Ecotopia was the "stable-state system"—recycling food wastes and sewage into fertilizer to grow more food. "Then I thought, any group of people sensible enough to get their act together in this way would clearly do a lot of other things differently. So I began to think of things like extruded-plastic houses and wood architecture. And I moved on gradually through transportation, land-use patterns and a whole panoply of related

things." Plastics? Made from plants and thus biodegradable. Aluminum and non-ferrous metals? Ban them. Garbage? Recycle everything. Electric power? Build solar and thermal-sea power plants.

To get from America to Ecotopia requires a lot of social reconditioning. All companies are small, worker-owned cooperatives, and the distinction between work and play seems to have vanished. Possible, says Callenbach, when people have freed themselves from large corporations and from cars and TV—what he calls "isolating technologies." Americans, he complains, have become a nation of emotionally detached creatures. "Humans like to play and mess around, and yet we are trying to live in the lockstep mode of modern society. No other species would put up with having to sit at a desk all day. And yet here we are trying to live according to bizarre economic and institutional social rules that seem to contradict our species nature."

Admittedly, Ecotopian man still has remnants of competitiveness left—controlled by war games in which teams go at each other with spears. As other examples of liberated thinking, drug use and prostitution are decriminalized. By contrast, polluters are given long jail terms. "Environmental crimes are just as life destructive as hitting people over the head, and ought to be punished similarly."

Scientists have given Callenbach credit for technical accuracy, and he does seem to have been remarkably prescient in writing about the spread of the garbage-and sewage-recycling ethic, and the growing public demand for "natural" foods. But he doesn't believe America will be ready for some of the more startling sociological changes he predicted until at least 2025. "I am a constitutionally optimistic chap, and I thought at the time I wrote the book that change at those levels would take only a generation—perhaps it was because of the heady influence of the '60s and '70s."

This summer's environmental assaults, the author believes, have made an Ecotopian world a little more likely. "We have been messing about with the atmosphere in a truly Faustian way. That and the garbage on the shores have put people in a rotten humor." But what will really "be the key to the evolution of Ecotopia" will be a catastrophe at a nuclear plant. "One of these days a nuke is going to blow in the country, as surely as the sun goes up and comes down. It's practically bound to happen, and it will put a whole new complexion on environmental politics."

Callenbach likes to shock students by telling them, "The challenge of modern life is to make it as emotionally healthy as life in a Stone Age village." Keep that in mind next time you fume over foul air and blaring traffic. Think of your Ecotopian future, smoking a joint on some peaceful municipal waterfront, watching the biodegradable plastic boats go by. ■

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Michael

"It isn't easy for the truth to catch up... But I am determined to fight on."

TIME OCTOBER 31, 1988

Is It All Over?

Not quite. Dukakis is finally campaigning with populist passion—and hoping for late-inning lightning



The dread moment for a political campaign comes when reporters, and sometimes ordinary citizens, start asking whether the candidate has already lost and the actual vote has become a formality. That nadir arrived for Michael Dukakis early last week. Following his lackluster performance in the second debate with George Bush, stories appeared that the Duke had effectively written off most of the country to concentrate his last desperate efforts on 18 states with 272 electoral votes—a mere two over the number required for victory—in which he still had a chance. The

reports were denied, but not very convincingly. One poll taken immediately after the debate placed Dukakis 17 points behind Bush, a margin that would be insurmountable in the short time left. Speculation turned to the possibility of a Bush landslide—and the fourth Democratic disaster in the past five elections.

But what candidate worth his matching funds would give up, even on a campaign as lifeless as this one has appeared? And by week's end the campaign's vital signs showed a continuing heartbeat and respiration. Dukakis was at last electrifying with something approaching passion, and winning favorable TV and press

attention. A new spate of polls showed that Bush's lead had settled back to between 7 and 10 points, about the margin before the debate. This late in the game, that is a daunting but not quite hopeless deficit. Reasonably objective observers, some of them Republican, reached the same conclusion: Dukakis can still come back, and he even has a longshot chance to win.

"It's doable," says Norman Ornstein, a campaign analyst for the conservative American Enterprise Institute. "Clearly, for all his horrible problems, Dukakis remains within striking distance." Richard Wirthlin, pollster for the White House and the Republican National Committee,

states flatly. "Dukakis can still win." As evidence that 10-point swings in the last weeks of a campaign can happen, he points to the 1980 election as late as Oct. 20. Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan were even, but Reagan won by 9.7 points. Wirthlin, perhaps to pump up the G.O.P. troops, puts Dukakis' chances of bringing off a similar turnout as 1 in 3; more cold-eyed analysts think those odds are overly generous.

Yet it is probably too late, and Dukakis is probably too far behind to turn the election around on his own. He needs an outside event to open a window. Some Bush strategists contend that only a serious illness or injury to the Vice President could give Dukakis the edge. But something a bit less spectacular could probably provide the opportunity: a serious Bush stumble, an international embarrassment or a sudden stock-market bust.

Despite his formidable lead, Bush has not really turned on the voters. Pollsters find that voters are choosing him without enthusiasm, like restaurant patrons picking succotash over turnips. Bush still remains vulnerable to any event that could cause people to doubt his character or judgment. His running mate, Dan Quayle, is still a drag. Though elections are not decided on the qualities of the vice-presidential candidates, this campaign has the feel of an exceptional one in which significant numbers of voters are disturbed by the possibility of a President Quayle. Some 54% of those questioned in a *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll published last week thought Quayle was a bad choice.

There is also still a chance that blacks and Hispanics will turn out for the Democrats in at least their usual numbers. Dukakis has not exactly galvanized them, and polls show him trailing previous Democratic contenders among blacks. In addition, it is getting very late to put on a big get-out-the-vote drive. But as the slugging reaches its climax, many blacks and Hispanics are likely to be reminded of their traditional opposition to the Republicans. Finally, there is a factor difficult to evaluate but potentially important: the press and TV love the drama of a close election. Having come near to writing Dukakis off, the media can be



"Watch my smile . . . Watch how fast we go—we're not letting up."

expected in the campaign's final days to search out and perhaps magnify any signs of Democratic revival.

Dukakis last week finally gave them something to picture and write about. After months of campaigning like an incumbent, with only a few events a day, he is

now at last running like a challenger, spending up to 14 hours a day on the stump. Bush is going in the opposite direction: one day last week he relaxed and worked in his hotel room all morning and did not hit the campaign trail until noon. If the Republicans have hit cruising speed, though, they won't admit it. "Watch how fast we go and where we go—we're not letting up," Bush told reporters. "The worst thing I could do would be to show a complacency I don't feel."

Barnstorming by bus across the Midwest, one of the areas he must concentrate on, Dukakis got off to a bad start. Playing a weak *Call to the Post* on a trumpet in Euclid, Ohio, the Governor was mercifully drowned out by a professional band. But on Tuesday in Michigan, something started to click. At Arthur Hill High School in Saginaw, Dukakis clenched his fist, then opened his arms wide, palms upturned, to welcome the crowd. He delivered a clear populist message: "George Bush cares about the people on Easy Street. I care about the people on Main Street. He's on their side. I'm on your side."

Though Dukakis had long resisted making such an appeal because of its "divisive" overtones of class war, it is about his only chance now. "He should set up as many 'them vs. us' formulas as he can," says Democratic pollster Peter Hart. Amazingly, it has been the Republicans, led by preppy Bush, who have succeeded in painting Dukakis and his followers as a bunch of Harvard-Brookline liberal elitists. The Democrats' failure to capitalize on latent populist resentment, says a senior Bush campaign aide, "is the biggest surprise of the campaign. They just never figured it out."

Dukakis hit his emotional peak at a rally in Quincy, Ill., where he brought along brochures mailed to voters by the state Republican Central Committee. One asserted that "all the murderers and rapists and drug pushers and child molesters in Massachusetts vote for Michael Dukakis." Angriily waving one of the pamphlets over his head, Dukakis growled, "Friends, this is garbage. This is political garbage. This isn't worthy of a political campaign." All during the week he spoke with feeling about two crime victims he knew well: his

Sarcasm vs. Sincerity



The ultimate insult: Bush uses Dukakis' own photo op to ridicule him. The tank ride, says a Bush adviser, "clearly wasn't credible"; instead of looking tough, the Duke looked "like Snoopy."



To warm up his image, new Dukakis spots show the candidate looking into the camera and talking quietly to the viewers. Here he voices a "father's concern" about children, day care and drugs.

Nation

father, a doctor, who was once bound, gagged and beaten in his office by an addict looking for drugs, and his brother Stephen, killed by a hit-and-run driver. "I know something about crime," he said. "I don't need any lectures from George Bush on the subject."

Still, Dukakis' campaign was dogged by bad luck. On Wednesday the Dow Jones industrial average fell 20 points in 15 minutes because of a false rumor that the Washington Post was about to publish

a report charging Bush with marital infidelity. The dive illustrated how deeply the financial community fears a Dukakis victory. The next day the Duke had to fire Donna Brazile, one of the campaign's highest-ranking blacks, because she had recklessly told the press that Bush ought to "fess up" to the sexual allegations, which have never been substantiated. At the very moment when he was trying to mount a consistent attack, Dukakis found himself apologizing to Bush as they met

face-to-face in New York City at the annual Al Smith dinner.

Dukakis has one other card left to play. In the final fortnight, he is counting on that frequent, and sometimes effective, tactic of a losing candidate: the TV blitz. The campaign has already thrown out his old spots and begun running new ones that feature Dukakis talking quietly and directly to the American people about his views. That too will be the approach of a series of five-minute spots that began air-

Reagan Democrats' Divided Loyalties

BY LAURENCE I. BARRETT



Donna Baker thought, last July, that she might well vote for Michael Dukakis. "I figured a change would be good," says this young working mother in Warren, Mich. Not anymore. Though usually loyal to her family's Democratic tradition, Baker has now decided on George Bush. Her reason? Baker answers firmly: "Dukakis' views on crime."

Baker's opinions and personal circumstances make her typical of a special—and critical—voting group: the Reagan Democrats. Ronald Reagan was the first Republican these white, working-class Americans supported for President. Together with other Democratic defectors, they represent 12% of the electorate. If Dukakis cannot recapture a large majority of them, he cannot make the race close. He is luring back those who put their kitchen-table finances at the top of their agenda. But among many others, he has been badly damaged by Bush's

tough, shrewd appeals on crime, patriotism and "values."

Donna Baker's concerns begin just down the street. Her immediate neighborhood is safe enough, but drug dealers and prostitutes ply their trades nearby. The local junior high school is too rough; she will struggle to budget the money to send her two girls to a Catholic school. A secretary in an auto-parts factory, Donna and her husband Charles work split shifts to care better for their daughters. "We don't have time to argue," she laughs. If they did, politics could be the subject. Charles supports Dukakis. He worries about the loss of well-paying jobs. He earned \$11.53 an hour in West Virginia as a skilled production worker in a coke-processing plant that closed in 1979. Today he works as a foreman in a nonunion shop for \$8.80.

Warren and surrounding Macomb County went for Reagan by 2 to 1 in 1984, despite the pervasive presence of the United Auto Workers. Early this month, according to a Detroit News poll, the area was as evenly divided as the Baker household. Now it seems to be tilting toward Bush. Though



"Neither of them is worth a damn. We deserve a better choice. They both act like headwaiters, not saying anything that might aggravate you... But I never miss a vote."

—JAMES HURRY, 72, RETIRED AUTO WORKER, BURTON VOTING FOR DUKAKIS



"I believe in the death penalty. It should be mandatory for everyone who commits murder... Where I come from in West Virginia, everyone was a Democrat. I was brought up that way."

—DONNA BAKER, 33, SECRETARY, SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER, WARREN VOTING FOR BUSH



"The recovery we've seen is really borne by the middle class. The deficit has gone up so high that we've mortgaged our children... Dukakis is a technician who can be effective in solving some of these problems. Bush is really trying to show he's as warm as Reagan."

—RAYMOND BRANCH, 35, ATTORNEY, FLINT VOTING FOR DUKAKIS

ing over the weekend. Dukakis even plans to get his message out in one or more 30-minute addresses, although that play will probably send viewers scrambling for *Moonlighting*.

The Democrats hope to grab all the free time they can to make up for Bush's refusal to engage in another debate. Last week Dukakis agreed to a 90-minute interview on ABC's *Nightline* to air Tuesday, to be preceded by a five-minute live, paid appearance on NBC, during which he intends to accuse Bush of lying about his record on crime.

There is, of course, no guarantee that this effort will work. Bush's campaign has saved about half of its federal campaign funds for late TV and radio ads, and plans to stage as large a blitz as Dukakis. So far, Bush has won the battle of the ads hands down; his latest spot effectively ridicules Dukakis' September ride in a tank.

As this seemingly endless campaign enters its final weeks, Dukakis' greatest worry is no longer Bush. His biggest enemy is time. He must also overcome a final, somewhat unexpected hurdle:

Ronald Reagan. A number of polls, led by TIME's in late September, show the President's approval ratings rising again into the 60% range. That indicates a mood of public contentment that would be difficult for the most brilliantly planned and executed political appeal to overcome. Dukakis has at last got going, and shortened the odds a bit. The campaign is still alive—but barely, and even this late infusion of adrenaline may not be enough.

—By George J. Church.
Reported by Dan Goodgame with Bush and Michael Riley with Dukakis

the 6.8% unemployment rate is above the national average. Macomb has been recovering, and lower-paying jobs are available. They could be filled by blacks from neighboring Detroit, but public transportation is scarce and racial animosity plentiful. Detroit's black mayor, Coleman Young, is regarded as a "great Satan" in the white suburbs, according to Terry Gilsenan, a Republican district chairman. "This is a racially polarized area," he adds. Such sentiments work against Dukakis.

Ed and Sue Young credit the Republicans for Macomb's good times. Ed, a union member, tests meters for Detroit Edison and, with his wife, operates a small motel for extra income. He is glad he voted for Reagan because "the past eight years have been pretty good living." And he will stay with Bush, though he considers the Vice President "the lesser of two evils." Are the Youngs still Democrats? "I think I consider myself a Republican now," says Sue. "I never thought I'd say that."

Some 50 miles north, in Flint, the recession never ended, and more Reagan Democrats are returning to their roots. Reagan carried Genesee County only narrowly in 1984. With unemployment still at 14%, disillusion is palpable. Gerald Robinson, with 22 years of seniority, feels secure in his GM production job

and agrees with Bush about capital punishment. But he will vote Democratic this time because he fears that Reaganomics is ruining American industry. James and Martha Hurry are doing all right today; their snug bungalow was paid off many years ago, and they receive \$20,000 a year in pension payments. But Hurry, 72, worries about being wiped out financially if he has to enter a nursing home. He repeats his vote for Reagan because "ten years ago, I thought I was pretty well off for a poor man. Now they're talking about taxing Social Security and taking away medical benefits."

Even in distressed Genesee, however, the Republicans have made converts. Pat Robertson made one of his strongest showings here during last year's Republican nominating fight. In the process, he lured many charismatic Christians into Republican ranks. Charles Siglow, 31, a charismatic, recently went back to work at Buick after an eleven-month layoff. But he believes Dukakis to be "an ultra, extreme liberal."

Voters like Siglow, the Hurrys and Youngs made up their minds months ago. But thousands of Reagan Democrats in Michigan, and perhaps millions in other critical states, are not quite sold yet. Which is why Dukakis and Bush were in Michigan last week, laboring for its 20 precious electoral votes.



"Michael Dukakis really scares me. I don't know where he'll get the money for all his programs unless he raises my taxes... If I had been old enough for Viet Nam, I probably would have volunteered. I'm strong for this country."

—CHARLES SIGLOW, 31, BUICK PRODUCTION WORKER, U.A.W. MEMBER, FLINT, VOTING FOR BUSH



"I don't like what I'm seeing in the factory, the way the union tries to steer people to vote the union's way. They called me a traitor... I'm really comfortable with Mr. Bush, though Pat Robertson was my first choice."

—JOANNE DEMOTT, 55, SPARK-PLUG FACTORY WORKER, U.A.W. MEMBER, MOUNT MORRIS, VOTING FOR BUSH



"I just don't think it's fair for other countries to put such high tariffs on our stuff while theirs gets in here easily... Dukakis is for my class of people rather than wealthier people. But I'm not crazy about him."

—GERALD ROBINSON, 45, GM WORKER, U.A.W. MEMBER, AIR FORCE VETERAN, FLINT, VOTING FOR DUKAKIS

Return of the Invisible Man

Jackson is back on the stump for Dukakis—and himself



The limo had hardly pulled to a stop at Tulane University when Jesse Jackson emerged and approached the waiting microphones. "I've registered more Democrats than any other Democrat," he said quickly, without being asked. "Last week—let me give you a typical Jackson schedule—I was in New York on Saturday morning, speaking at 10 to a university. Teamsters at 12. Chicago that night. Los Angeles that Sunday. Berkeley, Calif., that Monday; and Georgia for three speeches that Tuesday."

On and on in nearly every public appearance last week, Jackson recited his itinerary like an overzealous flight attendant. "The media is asking, 'Where's Jesse?'" he declared. "I'll tell you where I've been. I've been out there. I've worked hard in this campaign."

This high-visibility Jackson was distinct contrast to the post-Atlanta Jesse, who nearly disappeared from the political radar screen. Despite the love feast between Jackson and Michael Dukakis at the Democratic Convention, the telegenic preacher quickly became the invisible man of the campaign as the network cameras turned their eyes elsewhere and Jackson retreated after a string of slights from Dukakis-aides. His withdrawal provoked former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, a member of the Dukakis campaign steering committee, to charge that Jackson was supporting the ticket "grudgingly and reluctantly." In fact, since September, Jesse has been at full steam. He even flew into Washington to urge members of the Democratic Caucus to pull out the stops for Dukakis. He is determined not to be pinned as the fall guy for a loss on Nov. 8.

But Jackson is in a bit of a bind: as the Democratic campaign has foundered, he has been blamed for doing too little and too much. When the original Dukakis game plan was to lure white Reagan Democrats and Southerners back into the fold, Jackson was kept at arm's length. Dukakis planners drew up a list of places they wanted him to visit, pointedly excluding the states Jackson had won



A cool colloquy between the delicate duo in California

A prelude to the battle for control of the party

during the primaries. Only when George Bush sprinted ahead in the polls did Dukakis' reinstated campaign chief John Sasso ostentatiously seek Jackson out.

In the past two weeks, Dukakis and Jackson have made two joint appearances. Later, Dukakis even ventured into a Harlem church for a rare appearance on his own before a black audience. But the Dukakis-Jackson chill has affected Jackson's core constituency. A recent poll by the nonprofit Joint Center for Political Studies indicates that black turnout will drop substantially from 1984, and that black support for Bush appears to be almost 16%, nearly twice the percentage that Ronald Reagan received. In closely contested states like Illinois and Michigan, Dukakis

needs nearly every black vote to win.

Jackson, for his part, has never shown much enthusiasm as a Dukakis cheerleader. Many of his meandering 16-page speeches do not mention Dukakis until page 12. When Jackson does get around to the candidate, he sometimes damns him with faint praise. Dukakis may not be inspirational, Jackson has said, but "we the people can provide the passion. He can provide the priorities."

When Jackson saw that some were pointing to him as the villain in a Dukakis debacle, he struck back. Jackson believes he is the victim of a double standard. Why, he asks, should he be blamed for not delivering the Democratic left, when no one is pointing fingers at Sam Nunn, Charles Robb and others for not garnering the center? The real purpose of the criticism, Jackson allies suggest, is to undercut Jesse's status as the front runner for 1992. "Some of this is prelude to the battle for control of the party," says a Jackson adviser.

Some Democrats have resorted to using scare tactics to further their own ends. New York Congressman Robert Mrazek recently told wavering Jewish constituents that "Jesse Jackson's influence in the Democratic Party would be far greater in the event of a Dukakis loss than in a Dukakis Administration."

The latest Jackson controversy reflects the larger Democratic dilemma: how to appeal to alienated white conservatives and increasingly outspoken black voters simultaneously? Dukakis' awkward attempt to straddle the two groups has apparently hurt him with both. The Joint Center for Political survey that measured the dropoff in black support also found that 39% of Reagan Democrats were less likely to vote for Dukakis because of Jackson's endorsement of him. "The Reagan Democrats are gone," says

one top party figure. "They've been gone for years, and there's no getting them back."

Despite their differences,

Jackson says privately that he understands Dukakis' need to play it cool with him on occasion. And despite the Democrats' increasing gloom, Jackson seems content. Why not? He knows he will be around no matter what happens on Nov. 8. If Dukakis departs in defeat, Jackson will be the largest figure on the Democratic horizon.

—By Richard Stengel,
Reported by Michael Duffy with Jackson

Race Baiting, 1988-Style

A flyer sent to North Dakota voters by the state's Republican Party predicts that in February 1989 President Dukakis will "escort Secretary of State-designate Jesse Jackson to Capitol Hill for the first of his confirmation hearings." Rumors that Dukakis has made a secret deal to allow Jackson unspecified powers in a Democratic Administration are being spread by G.O.P. operatives in Mississippi and California. The Republicans are attempting to exploit prejudice against blacks by linking the Chicago preacher to Dukakis. Rather than "shout nigger" as Dixiecrats did in the Jim Crow South, Bush cohorts use code phrases and loaded references to Willie Horton, a black who raped a white woman while on furlough from a Massachusetts prison. The Bush campaign has made no real effort to put a stop to these blatant appeals to white fears. It should.

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MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE	\$19,284*
CUSTOMER CASH BACK	\$3,000***
M.S.R.P. LESS CASH BACK	\$16,284

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HERE'S HOW: You save \$951** when you buy Popular Equipment Package 363A, plus get \$600*** Customer Cash back from Lincoln-Mercury when you buy an '88 Cougar LS for a total savings of \$1,551!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: • Automatic overdrive transmission • 3.8-liter electronically fuel-injected V-6 engine • Power steering • Power brakes • Air conditioner • Tinted glass • Dual power mirrors • And much more!

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MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE	\$18,088**
MANUFACTURER'S OPTION PACKAGE SAVINGS	\$951**
CUSTOMER CASH BACK	\$600***
TOTAL SAVINGS	\$1,551
M.S.R.P. LESS TOTAL SAVINGS	\$16,537**

**These prices were incorrectly stated in a similar ad in the Oct. 17, 1988 issue.

\$13,000 Customer Cash on '87 '88 & '89 XR4Ti \$600 on '87 & '88 Cougar LS. *Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices include destination charges but exclude title, taxes, and license fee. Vehicle sticker prices higher in New York. **Package savings based on a sticker price of option package vs. options purchased separately.

***Vehicles per customer limited. Take delivery from dealer stock on XR4Ti by 11/30/88, Cougar LS by 12/25/88. See your dealer for details.

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Nancy Reagan's "Little Rule"

The White House contends that her borrowing broke no law

"She set her own little rule, and she broke her own little rule." With that quip, Nancy Reagan's press secretary Elaine Crispin tried to defuse the controversy that erupted last week after *TIME* reported that the First Lady had failed to disclose the borrowing of lavish designer outfits, a practice she had promised to stop six years ago. By week's end the question of whether borrowed outfits were hanging in the First Lady's closet had been eclipsed by the White House's gyrating attempts to explain away the affair.

When first asked about the matter two weeks ago, Mrs. Reagan stated flatly through Crispin that she had purchased every item she acquired during the past six years. After *TIME*'s story appeared, Crispin admitted that the First Lady had continued to borrow clothes, but claimed they had all been returned. Then Crispin said that while some dresses had been borrowed, others had been received as gifts from "old friends" and hence did not have to be disclosed. Finally, Crispin declared that when the President's term expires, Mrs. Reagan will decide which dresses to keep and which to return. Those she retains, she will report as gifts. Those she returns will be considered loans and not listed.

Mrs. Reagan's failure to report the loans of dresses violates a 1982 agreement hammered out by then White House coun-



The First Lady at a tribute last week

The gifts were from "old friends."

sel Fred Fielding and former director of the Office of Government Ethics J. Jackson Walter in response to criticism of Mrs. Reagan's acceptance of designer clothing in 1981. The pact states that the Reagans "will include a listing of those items made available for Mrs. Reagan's use and of the owners/designers of those items" on the President's annual financial-disclosure reports. Fielding briefed the First Lady on her obligations under the agreement. The

White House contended last week that despite Mrs. Reagan's continued borrowing, no laws were broken.

The First Lady's acquisitions may have put the Reagans in Dutch with the Internal Revenue Service. Tax experts consulted by *TIME*, including former Internal Revenue Service commissioner Sheldon Cohen and Harvard Law professor Bernard Wolfman, unanimously agree that gifts or loans of clothing to Mrs. Reagan represent taxable income when the donors benefit from her display of their creations. A gift is not taxable only when it is given out of "detached and disinterested generosity." The designers who loaned or gave the outfits, some valued at more than \$20,000, were aware of the publicity they would receive. In a 1982 *Women's Wear Daily* interview, couturier James Galanos was enthusiastic about lending gowns to Mrs. Reagan, "since designers profit so much from her wearing them." Because none of the loans or gifts were listed on the Reagans' joint tax returns from 1982 to 1987, the First Couple may owe a substantial amount in back taxes.

While the President last week pooh-poohed the flap as a "cheap political shot," some conservatives have been critical. Wrote New York *Times* columnist William Safire: "For a public official's wife to be 'on the take' is wrong, plain and simple." After *TIME*'s initial inquiries about the First Lady's clothes, a number of outfits that had been lent to Nancy Reagan were quietly returned to their owners.

—By Jacob V. Lamar.

Reported by Jay Peterzell and Nancy Traver/Washington

Grapevine

SUMMER DOLDRUMS; FALL RECRIMINATIONS.

Why did the Dukakis campaign wait so long to fire back at the negative ads aired by the Bush campaign in August? Because of campaign manager Susan Estrich's demanding tastes, say some of the Duke's aides. "There had to have been at least a thousand scripts in drawers, stacked up all over the place," says one advertising veteran in the campaign. "They were all sent to Estrich, and she killed every one of them." By Labor Day, the sources claim, only two lackluster spots—both illicitly directed from Dukakis' convention speech—managed to win Estrich's approval.

BREAK A LEG, MR. AMBASSADOR. William Walker, 53, had been ambassador to El Salvador only a few weeks when



Which card scares Florida voters more?

Kennedy Space Center and Cape Canaveral, are having difficulty maintaining their stocks of a Halloween card with a political tinge. BUSH WINS declares a newspaper headline on the front, while the inside reads, "This is the scariest card I could find. Happy Halloween." A version with the headline DUKAKIS WINS is hardly selling.

he decided to throw himself into his new job—literally. Though he had no previous experience as a parachutist, the gung-ho diplomat recklessly accepted U.S. military trainers' assurances that a 10,000-ft jump out of a C-130 would be a lot of fun. The Ambassador is now recuperating from multiple fractures in his leg.

TRICK-OR-TREAT POLL.

Card shops around Brevard County, Florida, a G.O.P. stronghold and home to the

The Death of Dayna

Behind the curtains, scenes of Dickensian horror

Launched last year on a farm in Clackamas County, Ore., the Ecclesia Athletic Association camp professed a wholesome purpose. Founder Eldridge J. Broussard Jr., once a basketball star at Pacific University, said Ecclesia, an outgrowth of the Watts Christian Center in Los Angeles, would bring ghetto children into the clean rural setting and train them through a disciplined program of athletics.

In time, however, neighbors noticed that the children, as one observer said, were "like zombies, never talking, never laughing." The neighbors asked the Oregon children's services division to investigate, but to no avail. Last week four adults came to the Clackamas County firehouse with the body of an eight-year-old girl who had died from multiple injuries to the head, chest and limbs. She was Broussard's eight-year-old daughter Dayna.

Chastened authorities who inspected the two-story, four-bedroom Ecclesia house discovered 53 other children, ages three months to 16 years, living in Dickensian horror. Behind the building's curtain covered windows, the children were kept in rooms strewn with sleeping bags but no beds. There was only one working toilet, no refrigerator, and the only food was some tomatoes and a head of lettuce. The youngsters were malnourished, and most had bruises, welts and wounds. "It was Lisa Steinberg times 50," said Bart Wilson, a manager of the Oregon children's services division, alluding to the six-year-old New York City girl beaten to death last year.

According to Donald Weleh, director of the Clackamas County juvenile department, floggings were "systematic." Adult staff members, he said, would deal out up to 800 blows with "paddle, electrical cord or similar device," while other children looked on. Four adults, including two who delivered the dead girl to the firehouse, were charged with first-degree manslaughter and held in lieu of \$250,000 bail. The children were placed in the protective custody of juvenile authorities.

Broussard, 35, was in Los Angeles at the time but returned to Oregon last week. After first refusing to comment on the case, he later made a bizarre appearance on the nationally televised *Oprah Winfrey*

Show. Grinning and smiling, smirking and haranguing, Broussard evaded all direct questions while blaming the death of his daughter on "the media." His only display of emotion came when he broke into tears as he complained about the media's treatment of him. His program has been unfairly likened to a cult, he said, and he has been called, in his own phrase, a "new Jim Jones." Broussard denied that children in the house were beaten. They were merely "spanked," he said.

So far, only one parent of the Ecclesia children has expressed a lack of confidence in Broussard or made any effort to return them to their homes. Broussard himself has vowed to make an all-out effort to regain custody of his young wards. Oregon officials are expected to oppose his effort with equal adamancy.

—By Frank Trippett

Reported by Alan Ota and John Snell/Portland



Broussard on TV



Philip and Paul: black Irish, maybe

Color Them Black

Two brothers trick Boston's affirmative action program

After the Boston fire department rejected them because of poor exam scores in 1975, identical twins Philip and Paul Malone did not think of giving up. Back they went in 1977 with new applications and a new strategy: they declared that they were black. As such, the Malones were hired by the department, which was under pressure to take on more minority firemen. Under a court-ordered affirmative action plan, it no longer mattered that the brothers, with exam scores of 57% and 69%, fell far short of the passing grade of 82% required for whites.

For ten years no one officially questioned the Malones' self-proclaimed blackness. Then in February the twins were put on a list of blacks among firemen proposed for promotion to lieutenant. The list went to fire commissioner Leo Stapleton. He knew the Malones were the department's only identical twins, and if they weren't white, it was news to him. Stapleton asked the state's department of personnel administration to check out the twins' status. The emerging issue was pointedly expressed by black city councilman Bruce Bolling: "How could twins with Irish names, Caucasian features and no black identification from any perspective get onto the force and stay on without collusion?"

Good question, especially since the fair-haired, fair-skinned Malones had identified themselves as white on their first applications. Eventually the twins, now 33, claimed that they did not learn they were black until 1976, when, they say, their mother discovered a sepia photograph of a pale-looking woman she said was their black great-grandmother. Last month, after an investigation of their claim, they were fired.

The dismissal, which the Malones have appealed to the State Supreme Judicial Court, has Boston churning. Amid rumors that there have been other phony claims of minority status, mayor Ray Flynn ordered a review of the hiring practices in the fire and school departments. Two weeks ago, Flynn disclosed that at least five other fire fighters will be asked to prove they are not white.



Children standing at attention at Ecclesia's camp in Oregon last year

In the clean rural setting, they would be trained in athletics.



We can keep a lot of people from spending their golden years

in the red.

The cost of long-term care for the chronic illnesses and frailties of old age is wiping out the nest eggs of millions of older Americans. The \$20,000 to \$30,000 average yearly cost of nursing home care can impoverish as many as half the people who need it within 13 weeks. Medicare doesn't cover it. Even the new catastrophic care amendments to Medicare don't cover it. This forces them to rely on Medicaid, a government welfare program that was never designed for this purpose.

Somebody had to invent a whole new kind of insurance to enable the elderly and their families to manage these costs; to stay in charge of their retirement; to protect their nest eggs. Somebody did. America's private health insurers. The same people who invented major medical insurance that now protects over 155 million Americans from the bankrupting costs of acute illnesses.


Now scores of companies offer the kind of insurance people need today. Long-term care insurance. Insurance that will cover nursing home costs; insurance that will cover the costs of home health care, too. Insurance that people can afford to carry for life.

And we're not finished yet. The private health insurers of America are improving the policies and working with employers to offer them in the workplace. And we're working to assure that the policies get the tax treatment other kinds of health insurance get.

We know we can help solve this problem. Drop us a line. We'll send you a copy of *The Consumer's Guide to Long-Term Care Insurance*.

**HIAA**

Health Insurance Association of America
P.O. Box 41455, Washington, D.C. 20018





Health Care: Beyond Bromides

By Ted Gup



Sophocles wrote of an archer named Philoctetes, who was bitten by a serpent and whose wound would not heal. His countrymen were so discomfited by his injury and his anguished cries that they marooned the war hero on a desolate island.

That is one way to deal with the suffering: remove them from sight. There are many like Philoctetes in America, citizens cast out from public consciousness because their medical problems seem too painful or costly to face. Among them: 37 million Americans who have no health insurance, a million young women too poor to provide adequate prenatal care for their unborn children, countless drug addicts turned away from treatment centers for lack of room, 73,000 victims of AIDS denied protection from discrimination.

Some policy analysts argue that, with an estimated \$150 billion deficit this year, the U.S. cannot afford to tend to such people. But the truest index of a society is how it provides for its most vulnerable members. At stake is America's self-respect, the sense of community that binds it together, and its standing in the community of civilized nations.

The next President should make a priority of health, particularly the fair distribution of health services. With the notable exception of Surgeon General C. Everett Koop's commitment, this Administration has often gone no further in health care than bromides. Candidates George Bush and Michael Dukakis declare that health care is high on their agendas, but neither one has offered a comprehensive approach to the issue.

This year's enactment of catastrophic health insurance, the most dramatic expansion of Medicare since its inception, demonstrated that Washington can still respond creatively to a problem without busting the budget. There is a rightful consensus that expansion of the nation's health-care system must largely pay for itself: catastrophic health insurance will be paid for by premiums from those who stand to benefit. The program shows what commitment and ingenuity can produce, with the right leadership.

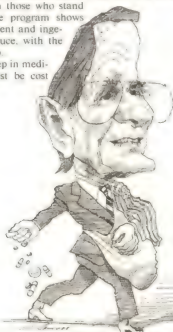
The first step in medical reform must be cost

containment. Americans spent half a trillion public and private dollars on health care last year. Costs are skyrocketing at a yearly rate of 8.5%, more than double that of inflation and faster than in any other segment of the federal budget. By 1990 health-care costs will consume more than 12% of the nation's GNP, further draining resources from defense, education and other vital federal programs. President Bush or President Dukakis will be greeted his first year in office with a Medicare bill of \$101 billion. By the end of his first term, it will be \$164 billion. By the end of his second term, a dizzying \$250 billion.

But often this pile of medical money has not bought better care or increased access. Instead, it has fueled a profoundly wasteful and inefficient system. "Thirty percent of what we do in health care is of no apparent benefit," says Marion Ein Lewin, of the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine. A Rand Corp. review of carotid endarterectomies, operations aimed at clearing blocked neck arteries, found nearly a third of the procedures "inappropriate." Similar questions have been raised about heart bypass operations and pacemakers. The next Administration must put a premium on value and coordinate a nationwide re-examination of diagnostic and surgical procedures to curtail the exorbitant, unnecessary or inferior.

Some physicians' incomes could also do with a little liposuction. The average thoracic surgeon last year earned \$350,000 in gross income from Medicare billings—seven times the amount taken in from that source by family doctors. Physicians' gross income from Medicare cases went up 16.3% last year alone. Employees of private industry saw a rise of less than 4% during that same period. Congress should weigh such numbers as it considers revising Medicare fee schedules. Nor are the patients blameless: Americans must come to learn that more expensive machines and elaborate procedures are not always better and that their demands for risk-free care risk pricing medicine beyond everyone's reach.

Cost containment alone won't cure the medical system. New sources of revenue must be found. Begin by doubling the federal excise tax on cigarettes. In recent years smoking has been recog-





nized for what it is: an addiction and a health threat, often even to bystanders. This Administration championed "zero tolerance" and urged Americans to "Just say no" to other drugs. Let the next Administration commit itself to leading the U.S. away from its single most deadly habit. Cigarettes kill an estimated 300,000 Americans annually. That is 15% of the deaths in the country, far more than are caused by heroin, cocaine or other illegal drugs that have aroused such concern. Nonsmokers—more than two-thirds of the population—subsidize cigarettes through increased Medicare and Medicaid payments to provide care for victims, as well as through stiffer private insurance premiums that reflect smokers' high rates of heart disease, cancer and emphysema. The congressional Office of Technology Assessment estimates that the health and lost-productivity costs of smoking total \$65 billion a year.

Federal excise taxes on cigarettes are about 16¢ a pack. For every additional penny levied on the 29 billion packs smoked yearly, the Government would raise \$290 million. Doubling the tax—call it a user fee—would yield an additional \$4.6 billion that could be earmarked for health care. That revenue would be only half the benefit. Kenneth E. Warner, a professor at the University of Michigan's School of Public Health, estimates that doubling the cigarette tax would cut the population of teenage smokers by 17%, protecting more than 800,000 young Americans from cigarettes. Governments at all levels should also push for better restrictions on smoking. Airplanes were a first step. Hospitals could be a next step, then perhaps schools.

Catastrophic health care was only the first problem arising in assisting the chronically ill who desperately need help in paying for nursing-home and home health care. As the population grays, those demands will grow. But paying for programs projected to cost \$30 billion to \$50 billion a year will take sizable increases in taxes on payrolls, gifts and estates. Moreover, Washington will need both compassion and political gumption to achieve so-called generational equity. The sometimes stentorian American Association of Retired Persons ably represents America's elderly, but it should not be allowed to drown out the softer voices calling for improved prenatal and infant care. U.S. infant mortality rates remain among the highest for all industrialized nations. 40,000 newborns will die this year. "Children don't vote, but they surely need a constituency," says Dr. William Roper, a pediatrician who is head of the Health Care Financing Administration.

Children also make up about one-third of the 37 million Americans who have no health insurance. Today the uninsured are sometimes dumped by hospital after hospital, forced to "crawl around like health-care beggars asking for some kindly doctor's or hospital's noblesse oblige," says Uwe Reinhardt, professor of political economy at Princeton University. Of the industrialized nations, only South Africa and the U.S. have not made an effort to extend coverage to all their citizens. If compassion were not an argument for remedying that dreadful situation, economics might be. At present the costs of the uninsured are hidden and spread unevenly in the form of higher insurance premiums and general medical costs. Bad debts and uncompensated care totaled an estimated \$8 billion last year.

In Massachusetts a new law signed by Dukakis will require employers to pay for health insurance, and the Governor has

proposed a similar program on a national scale. The proposal is regressive, since the added costs threaten marginal businesses and might put the lowest-paid workers back on the street. Yet firms unable to bear the full brunt of expanded health benefits might participate in insurance pools, phase in their contributions and get some Government help. A larger difficulty is that while the Dukakis plan would offer relief to uninsured workers and their dependents—about 22 million people—it does nothing for the 15 million uninsured Americans who are without jobs. Dukakis skirts that problem with the quintessential Washington hedge: a task force.

Bush has singled out pregnant women and infants as a priority for health coverage, the costs to be paid by the rising tax revenues of an expanding economy. But for most of the uninsured, he offers only a vague suggestion that they "buy into Medicaid." With what? Even among the uninsured who work, about half earn less than \$5 an hour. Their contribution to a Medicaid insurance fund would be either meaninglessly meager or unconscionably expensive.

Republicans have suggested that the Dukakis plan smacks of socialism. Ironically, it bears a striking resemblance to a plan put forward in February 1971 by a man seldom accused of being a liberal: Richard Nixon. The most equitable—and therefore politically least feasible—solution would be to launch a federal health-insurance program financed by premiums based on income. Do not look for any candidate running for office to suggest that one.

The passage last month of a \$1 billion-plus AIDS bill has given a vital boost to research, testing, education and home health care for that incurable disease. But Ronald Reagan has refused to use his Executive power or persuasive skills to fight discrimination against AIDS victims, even though the presidential commission on AIDS recommended that he do so. Recent surveys indicate that 25% of Americans do not want to work beside an AIDS carrier. And 40% do not want someone with AIDS living in their neighborhoods. The Administration's silence on this issue has

sanctioned prejudice and baseless fears that will drive AIDS carriers to conceal their condition, making the epidemic that much harder to combat. To their credit, both Bush and Dukakis have said they will support antidiscrimination legislation.

AIDS must be stopped at a key point of transmission: the insertion of a needle. "There has been a real discrepancy between the rhetoric of the war on drugs and the care available to intravenous drug users," says Dr. Robin Weiss, director for AIDS activity at the Institute of Medicine. Treatment centers would have to be expanded tenfold to accommodate the nation's drug abusers. At some centers, the waiting list is two years long. New York City last January had 29,400 methadone-maintenance treatment slots for an estimated 200,000 IV drug users.

That Government is limited in what it can do is less a matter of political philosophy than economic reality. But what family does not count the health of its members as its most precious asset? Either President Bush or President Dukakis would do well to remember Philoctetes the archer. After exiling him to that barren island for ten years, his countrymen learned they could not take Troy without his mighty bow. They were forced to return and rescue him from exile. It is time the U.S. does the same for those it has abandoned.

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American Notes

CHICAGO

Get Married Or Get Out

For a week Michael Gipson did not dare to leave the three-room apartment he shared with his girlfriend and their infant son in Rockwell Gardens, the public-housing project with the highest crime rate in Chicago. Gipson rightly feared that the Chicago Housing Authority would throw him out because his name was not on the apartment's lease. His solution: marry his girlfriend and become an official tenant.

The impending weddings of Gipson, 32, and Laticia Wilson, 22, and as many as 16 other Rockwell Gardens couples are the unexpected result of the CHA's belated attempt to make the city's notorious public housing safe for its 150,000 residents. Last month Vincent Lane, the



Banns instead of banned: CHA tenants Gipson, Wilson and son

energetic new head of the CHA, posted round-the-clock guards to prevent anyone without a tenant identification card from remaining overnight.

Initially some residents complained about the crack-down, but they have quickly become accustomed to the

feeling of safety it provided. The newly married residents may bolster a tenant patrol that will soon take the place of the police. Says Lane: "Hopefully these guys who are hiding and ducking and dodging may be able to step forward and be responsible men."

DETROIT

This Crime Is Off the Wall

Talk about rip-offs. Even the most hardened residents of Detroit's crime-ridden East Side have been stunned by the latest target of some enterprising robbers: aluminum siding. The off-the-wall trend began last year, when siding suddenly began disappearing from abandoned houses around the neighborhood. More recently, aluminum rustlers, emboldened by the local cops' relaxed attitude toward the thefts, have taken to prying off the siding from the garages of occupied homes. Even lawn chairs are no longer safe.

And what are the thieves doing with their booty? Taking advantage of a recent boom in recycling, which generates an estimated \$700 million a year, by selling it to scrap dealers who lately have raised their prices. Last year in Detroit, the price of aluminum leaped from 20¢ to 45¢ per lb. "When they go to the scrapyard," fumes Detroit community activist Pat Bosch, "no questions are asked." For law-abiding citizens already beleaguered by drug-trafficking, arson and the indifference of the city administration, aluminum thievery is the last straw. "They're devastating the city," complains Sophie Sroczyński, who had siding torn from her garage. "It's almost unbearable."



A sign of celebration at the V.A. building in Washington

THE CABINET

And Now One For the Vets

Ronald Reagan, self-proclaimed enemy of Washington's bloated bureaucracy, came into office eight years ago vowing to dismantle Jimmy Carter's two additions to the Cabinet, the departments of Education and Energy. He has not only failed to scale back the Cabinet, but is also on the verge of expanding it. This week the President is expected to sign legislation elevating

the Veterans Administration to a Cabinet-level department. That will bring the number of Cabinet departments to 14.

There was an election year timeliness to Reagan's turnaround and Congress's overwhelming support for the new Cabinet post. In their frenzy to appeal to 27.5 million U.S. veterans, the politicians seem unconcerned that the cost of transforming the V.A. into a Cabinet department will be \$9.9 million. The biggest chunk of that cost will go to changing signs on the 532 V.A. buildings.

THE FARM BELT

The Drought's Toxic Harvest

Last summer's drought has produced not only a stunted harvest but also a toxic side effect: a bumper crop of aflatoxin, a fungus-based, cancer-causing corn contaminant. It has turned up in livestock feed corn (although not the sweet corn so dear to the American palate) in nine major corn-producing states. The Illinois Department of Agriculture says a study of the crop samples tested show aflatoxin above permissible levels. But by blending the current crop with grain from uncontaminated past harvests, the corn can be used. Moreover, the Food and Drug Administration has cleared the way for the use of even more contaminated grain (for most farm animals other than dairy cows) by raising the allowable level of aflatoxin from 20 to 100 parts per billion.

The contamination reduces what is expected to be the smallest per-acre corn harvest since 1970. The U.S. corn crop is just 4.55 billion bushels, down 36% from last year.



Aluminum thieves strike again

DEFENSIVE LINE.

240 DL Sedan



740 GLE Wagon



760 Turbo Sedan



780 Coupe

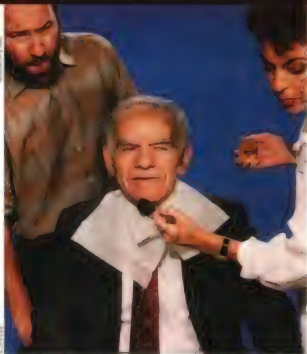


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Prime-time players: Peres warns of an Arab-Jewish population war



Shamir charges that his rival will hand the West Bank over to Arafat

World

● ISRAEL

A Bitter Divorce

Why the campaign trail is even nastier and dirtier than usual

He naps between appearances, disdains pressing the flesh and finds the business of vote getting "unbearable." But when the normally taciturn Yitzhak Shamir mounts a campaign podium, he plays the crowd's emotions with the precision of an acupuncturist. "I heard about the problems that you are struggling with every day, the stones and the Molotov cock-tails," he shouts at 800 Likud loyalists gathered in a shopping mall on the northern outskirts of Jerusalem. As his lips produce the sound, his fists become the fury, chopping the air and pounding the lectern. "Those who are trying to throw us out of Jerusalem will not be able to move us!" he proclaims. "The Likud will end the *intifadeh* [uprising]!" Shamir grabs two small Israeli flags and waves them in the air. A photo finish.

Some 80 miles to the north, alert security men watch the crowd gathered on a basketball court in the town of Shfar'am. Shimon Peres sits motionless through the introductory speeches, hardly understand-

ing a word since they are all in Arabic. Peres knows that while the Arab vote will account for as many as 14 of the Knesset's 120 seats, Labor stands a chance of taking perhaps four of those seats, the rest going to left-wing Arab parties. "If you vote against the Jews, there will be no peace," he bellows into the microphone. "If you are serious, give us your vote, and you will have rights." Among the crowd, Halad Ali Haj, 28, an out-of-work painter, mutters, "I vote for the *intifadeh*."

The campaign season is upon Israel, and it is politics at its worst: a steady diet of demagoguery, diatribe, distortion and plain dirt. The Palestinian uprising in the occupied territories, now in its eleventh month, has crowded out pocketbook issues and focused Israeli thinking on the far more emotional themes of peace and security. In that sense, the Nov. 1 election is nothing less than a referendum on Israel's policies toward the occupied territories. Likud asserts a territorial imperative that cedes no ground to the Palestinians; Labor is willing to negotiate territorial compromise in ex-

change for peace. Each side accuses the other of being deceitfully unrealistic.

Bickering is to be expected. This election, after all, is also a divorce proceeding, an attempt to separate two parties forced to plight their troth four years ago after neither won enough votes to form a government. Under that misnamed government of national unity, Shamir and Peres have shared power, each paralyzing the other's attempts to address the urgent issues confronting Israel. With neither party likely to win more than 47 seats, and both averse to forming coalitions with some of the fringe groups on the extreme right and left, the prospect looms of another uncomfortable power-sharing arrangement. So both parties are petitioning the public for a divorce, eagerly pursuing the extra votes that might provide the edge after election day.

Every night, except Friday when the Sabbath begins, as many as 80% of Israel's 4.5 million people tune in to the country's sole television station for glimpses of electronic electioneering. Starting around 9:30

Where They Stand on the Palestinian Issue

LABOR

- Favors a territorial compromise that would exchange some of the occupied lands for peace
- Favors resumption of a peace initiative that calls for an international conference leading to talks between Israel and a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation
- Refuses to negotiate directly with the P.L.O., but would allow the Palestinians to elect their own representatives to peace negotiations, even if they elect supporters of the P.L.O.
- Calls for no new settlements in the occupied territories



LIKUD

- Vows never to withdraw from or relinquish any portion of the occupied territories
- Opposes an international conference, calling instead for some form of autonomy, to be followed by direct negotiations between Israel and a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation
- Refuses, under any conditions, to negotiate with members of the P.L.O.
- Proposes building dozens of new settlements in the occupied territories and expanding already existing ones

and continuing for 45 min., the parties air slick commercials that hack away at each other with great enthusiasm and little subtlety. The squabble between the leading contenders is broken up by messages from the 25 smaller parties that are also fielding slates. (It was 26 until last week, when the High Court of Justice upheld a recent decision by the election commission that the Kach party of Rabbi Meir Kahane, who gave up his U.S. citizenship last summer so he could qualify for election, was "racist" and "undemocratic" and therefore, under a new law, ineligible to run.)

The advertisements of both major parties pander to many voters' worst nightmare—the prospect of an Israel overrun by Arabs. Likud taps the fear by suggesting that Labor aims to hand

over the West Bank to Yasser Arafat and his Palestine Liberation Organization, leaving Israel far more vulnerable than it is today. One ad shows former Defense Minister Ezer Weizman wearing a kaffiyeh; another declares that "Weizman is ready to go with the Communists. He supports the *intifada*." A particularly irresponsible spot has Peres on the screen, while a dubbed voice, intended to be his, proclaims support for the P.L.O. Lest anybody miss the message, another Likud ad spells it out: "On November 1, we're choosing between a return to the 1967 lines and real security."

Bank." More low-blow Labor ads talk about the "demographic problem" by insinuating that if Likud tries to annex the occupied lands, the 1.5 million Palestinians who live in the West Bank and Gaza will eventually be enfranchised, enabling them to outvote Israelis. Instead of trying to convince voters that an exchange of land for peace might make Israel a safer place, Labor commercials present the concept as a good way to get rid of troublesome Palestinians. Colorful charts depict the population war between Arabs and Jews, and one ad features interviews with young Arab men eager to populate the West Bank. "If I get married," says one, "I'm going to have 15 kids."

Not all commercials dwell on the security issue.

Some rely on personal mudslinging and character assassination. A Likud spot makes a buffoon of Peres by electronically manipulating his arm to make it look as if he is waving at a bikini-clad woman. Responding in kind, a Labor ad asks supposedly typical voters to list Shamir's accomplishments. One man, stopped in a supermarket, stares into the camera and mumbles, "Uh... uh"; a woman bursts into giggles.

Such irresponsible ads may titillate and even amuse, but they fail to expose the public to the give-and-take along the campaign trail. That failure is all the more important since Israeli law forbids television and radio news coverage of electioneering in the 30 days before balloting. The legislation has had some strange consequences: in 1981, TV footage of a meeting between Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat could not be aired because

the get-together took place three weeks before the election.

While the ban protects voters from the kind of campaign bombardment suffered by American television viewers, it cuts off access to information. As it is, the current campaign will be only two months long, with three of those weeks interrupted by religious holidays, and a weekly 24-hour break for the Sabbath. Given the restrictions on their broadcast brethren, the print media might expect red-carpet treatment, yet candidates make little effort at accommodation. During one Peres outing last week, mixed-up logistics caused several reporters to lose track of the candidate.

Although personal appearances reach a smaller audience and therefore have less impact than the television commercials, the candidates still make five and six speeches a day, crisscrossing the country in caravans of cars. Some of the younger politicians have been particularly effective on the stump. Labor, long dominated by Ashkenazi, or Jews of European descent, has turned to young Sephardic mayors, like Eli Dayan of Ashkelon and Amir Peretz of Sderot, to reach out to Israelis of Oriental descent, who make up nearly 60% of the population.

Likud, which has done a better job of nurturing young talent, features several known entities among its new guard. Benjamin Begin, the son of Menachem, lacks his father's melodramatic flair, but offers name recognition and snappy one-liners. Asked to explain his attitude toward annexation of the West Bank, a move demanded by the right wing, he rejoins, "You don't annex your own land. The French didn't have to annex Paris when they reconquered it."

Another rising star is Benjamin Netanyahu, a former ambassador to the Unit-



Rising son: Benjamin Begin

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FT. MYERS

Shoe Boat

JACKSONVILLE

Shoe Emporium

LAKE PARK

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Brown's Shoes

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ed Nations and brother of Lieut. Colonel Jonathan Netanyahu, who was killed during the 1976 Israeli rescue operation at Entebbe and in death became a national hero. Last week Benjamin Netanyahu asked a group of 200 Jews who live just east of Jerusalem, in the West Bank, "If we leave this area, who will replace us?"

"The Bedouins!" a man answered.

"The P.L.O. will come and take over!" Netanyahu thundered. "Do you want it to happen?"

In hopes of upstaging such antics, Labor orchestrated a peculiar piece of theatrics last week. Jordan's King Hussein had stunned Arabs and Israelis alike when he announced in July that he was severing all connections to the West Bank. Convinced that the King could be wooed back into the peace process, Peres' forces persuaded ABC's *Nightline* to air separate interviews with Peres and Hussein. Peres pledged that his first action as Prime Minister would be to renew a peace initiative once favored by Jordan and the U.S. Hussein called Peres' proposal a "step forward" and reiterated his previous offer that if the Palestinians "ask us categorically," he would be willing to negotiate jointly with them at an international conference. Asked about the pending election, Hussein said it would be an "absolute disaster" if Shamir retained his post. The next day, as Shamir accused Hussein of meddling in Israeli affairs, observers were left to wonder whether the clumsy gambit would help Labor or trigger a backlash that would benefit Shamir.

As the election season headed into its last days, real carnage cast a pall over the campaign. Eight Israeli soldiers were killed and at least eight wounded when a car bomb exploded in the middle of an army convoy in Israel's self-declared security zone in southern Lebanon. A group identifying itself as the Islamic Resistance Front claimed responsibility and called the attack a "gift to the Palestinian uprising." Israel promptly launched retaliatory air strikes against Palestinian and pro-Iranian guerrilla positions in the region, hitting ammunition dumps and training bases, and killing at least 20 people. In response, the Islamic Jihad, believed to hold two American hostages, Terry Anderson and Thomas Sutherland, threatened that the attack "shall not pass without a punishment" directed at the captives.

As both major parties favor maintenance of the buffer zone, the car bomb is unlikely to send voters scurrying from one party to the other. But in an election season already marred by harsh, inflammatory rhetoric, Israel can expect to hear even tougher talk on the security issue in the closing week of the campaign. —By Jill Smolow.

Reported by Jon D. Hull/Shitaram and Robert Slater/Jerusalem

THE PHILIPPINES

Charging the Unindicted Guest

A grand jury accuses Marcos and his wife of racketeering

When Ferdinand Marcos fled the Philippines more than two years ago, a U.S. Air Force plane flew him into comfortable exile in Honolulu. But last week American hospitality came to an abrupt end for the ousted President. In New York City a federal grand jury indicted Marcos, 71, and his wife Imelda, 59, on six counts of racketeering and diverting more than \$100 million taken from the Philippine treasury into artworks and real estate in Manhattan. As sweeping as the indictment was, it covered only a fraction of the billions of dollars that Marcos is thought

next week and would plead not guilty and vigorously contest the charges. Tigue said the Marcoses were "deeply disappointed at President Reagan's failure to prevent this treatment of a long-standing ally." The main count carries a sentence of up to 20 years in prison.

Marcos did not help his case by refusing to respond to grand jury subpoenas in recent months. That led a federal appeals court last week to uphold a contempt ruling against him and his wife for failing to provide fingerprints and other requested items. Even so, the grand jury acted only



Disappointed but prepared for a courtroom battle: the former First Couple at home in Hawaii

The charges painted a detailed portrait of greed and corruption.

to have stashed away during his 20 years in power.

The charges painted a portrait of greed and corruption that began in Manila and continued in Honolulu. U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani said Marcos funneled the stolen money through secret bank accounts and then used it to buy four Manhattan buildings. The indictment accused Marcos of having defrauded U.S. lenders of more than \$165 million that was borrowed to finance the properties. Co-defendants include Adnan Khashoggi, the Saudi Arabian financier, arms dealer and middleman in the Iran-*contra* scandal, who allegedly posed as the owner of the properties to protect the Marcoses' interests. "This case amounted to the Marcoses and their co-defendants using their position of trust to turn the Philippines' treasury into their own treasury," said James Fox, head of the FBI office in New York City.

John Tigue, an attorney for the Marcoses, said the couple would obey orders to appear in federal court in New York by

after a proposed deal between the Justice Department and Marcos unraveled late Thursday. The agreement called for Marcos to forfeit real estate, art and jewelry in exchange for having the Justice Department drop plans for the indictment. In Honolulu, however, a Marcos attorney said the Marcoses were given only a "drop-dead deal" that would have required them to plead guilty to racketeering.

When Marcos failed to respond by a 5 p.m. deadline, prosecutors decided to proceed with the case. Reagan then met with senior White House advisers and was informed that an indictment would not affect U.S. foreign policy interests. Though Reagan was reportedly worried that Marcos might have to go to jail, the President said the case "may not come to my desk at all." The remark was telling to the Administration, the once powerful Marcos had become a pesky legal problem, and no more. —By John Greenwald.

Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and Raji Sanghabadi/New York

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Masters of the valley: Massoud, center, confers with fellow resistance fighters; workers rebuilding a house in the Panjshir

AFGHANISTAN

Another Dagger Aimed at the Heart

As mujahedin armies vie for dominance, the "Lion" plans the final campaign



Buffed by a chilling wind that funneled down the gorges of the Panjshir Valley in northeast Afghanistan, three horsemen urged their mounts up a rocky defile at a punishing trot. Traders and refugees walking the same path late last month could tell by the men's heavy field jackets and Soviet-made automatic rifles that they were officers of the *mujahedin*, the Afghan resistance fighters who now control the once fiercely contested valley. Few of the walkers bothered to look carefully at the sparsely bearded, intense face of the lead rider as he passed. Had they done so, they would have recognized a man who has become a legend across Afghanistan, the "Lion of the Panjshir."

Ahmad Shah Massoud, 35, a onetime engineering student at the Soviet Polytechnic Institute in Kabul, has spent the past nine years molding the *mujahedin* in Afghanistan's northeast into what is widely considered the country's most effective guerrilla formation. Last May Massoud's men, who owe allegiance to Ja-

miat-i-Islami, one of the seven *mujahedin* parties based across the border in Pakistan, watched in triumph as the last Soviet and Afghan government troops retreated from the Panjshir.

After nine years of fighting, *mujahedin* can drive their few vehicles through the valley in daylight with little worry of attack. The government withdrawal from the Panjshir has prompted hopes in Kabul that Massoud might be coaxed into a cease-fire or even a coalition. According to Massoud, President Najibullah has even offered him a choice of top government posts in exchange for peace.

In a mud-walled farmhouse three days' ride from the Panjshir Valley, Massoud is asked if he would consider dealing with Najibullah. Amid interruptions from aides bringing intelligence reports scribbled on scraps of paper, the guerrilla chief declares, "There is no possibility of coexistence with the Communists."

Never staying in the same house for more than a few hours, Massoud lives in constant motion. Several assassination at-

tempts by government agents and Soviet commandos have forced him to behave like a hunted man. Beyond that, overseeing an estimated 50,000 rebel fighters demands constant meetings with his commanders. Not only must the *mujahedin* adapt their military tactics if they are to oust the government, but they must also position themselves to determine which among the main insurgent groups will predominate once the government in Kabul falls. Though it is impossible to predict which group will be the most influential, Massoud obviously intends Jamiat-i-Islami to play a key role.

In the military area, Massoud believes that the *mujahedin* must strike a decisive blow soon, before Najibullah can adjust to the departure of the Soviets, who are scheduled to complete their troop withdrawal by Feb. 15. The government has 150,000 troops dug in around major cities. To face them in a final showdown, Massoud is training 10,000 men, initial units of an "Islamic army," to fight like a conventional force, rather than as hit-and-

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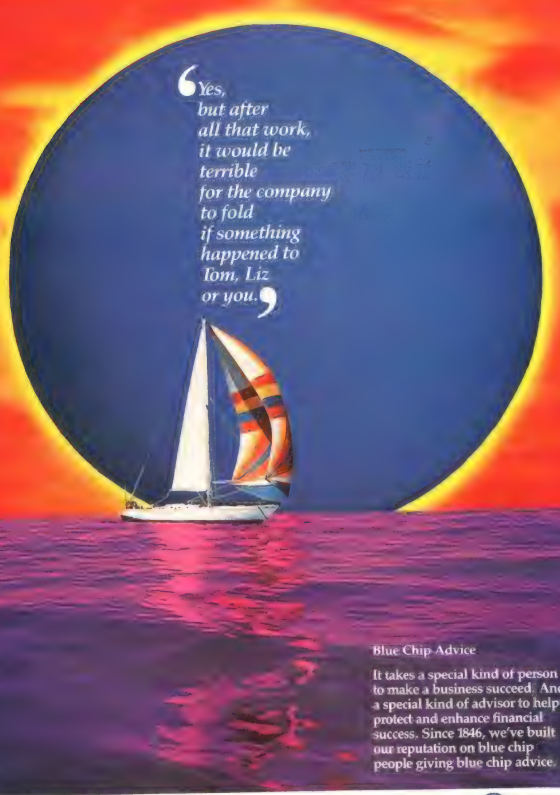
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run marauders. Training, in camps spread along the rugged northern flanks of the Hindu Kush, includes the use of U.S.-supplied Stinger antiaircraft missiles as well as heavy artillery, rockets and a few highly treasured tanks. "But," Massoud concedes, "we have to prepare, and that will take time."

His forces should get some breathing space because of approaching winter and their recent battlefield successes. The Soviet-Afghan retreat from the valley was triggered when the rebels overran a government stronghold at Tambana last May. Then in August and September, Jamiat fighters expanded their control by sweeping through the northeastern cities of Khanabad, Taliqan, Keshem and most of Kunduz, the provincial capital. That leaves only one town, Faizabad, in government hands in the northeast.

During the current pause, the Panjshir is alive with conflicting evidence of a coming peace and continued war. Sub-

stantial numbers of refugees, some from as far away as Pakistan, are returning to their homes in villages along the valley. The Council of the North, a local body organized by Massoud, continues to set up schools and clinics and to broaden basic administration for the region.

The *mujahedin* will need all their reserves next spring, when the end of winter will signal the final push on Kabul. Massoud told *TIME* he intends to cut off major highways into the capital, then take on outlying garrisons. At the same time, he plans to launch a campaign of disruption inside Kabul in an effort to spark a popular uprising as food grows scarce. "We have put considerable effort into organizing the resistance inside the cities," he explains, "and we now have an extensive underground network." In the meantime, Jamiat and other resistance groups are keeping up the pressure on Kabul through rocket attacks, including one

last week that briefly shut down the capital's airport. That pressure is beginning to tell on Najibullah's Communist government; turmoil within the party last week led to the expulsion of two Politburo members.

Assuming that victory is within reach, Massoud has been devoting time to his second major concern, the maneuvering for advantage among the seven *mujahedin* parties. All members of the Peshawar alliance are fighting for a country under an Islamic dispensation, but the political shape of that concept is something on which they differ sharply.

One major disagreement is the possible return to Afghanistan by the former monarch, King Zahir Shah, to serve as an interim ruler. Jamiat leaders reject the suggestion outright because they regard the King as a feudal holdover as well as accountable for the steady growth of Soviet involvement in the country until his ouster in 1973. "Free elections will have

Prisoners and Converts

For Private Mohammad Beg, a Soviet soldier stationed in an isolated outpost north of Kabul, the odyssey to confinement and conversion began with a dispute with one of his superiors in 1987. After beating the officer unconscious, the 21-year-old Uzbek from Tashkent deserted, and before long, Afghan villagers handed him over to the *mujahedin*.

Sergeant Viktor Nazaro, 23, a Ukrainian from Uzhdano, was captured by the Afghan insurgents while serving with a reconnaissance unit in the northern town of Kunduz in 1984. Private Leonid Vilko, 24, a Moldavian stationed at Bagram air base north of Kabul, was taken prisoner the same year while trying to defect to the West.

Beg, Nazaro and Vilko are three of 312 soldiers Moscow says are missing in Afghanistan and who it believes are being held by the *mujahedin*. The Soviet Union's desire to secure the release of its fighting men, however, may founder on an issue that involves their hearts and minds—and even their souls—for many simply do not wish to be repatriated under any circumstances. Some of the prisoners of war are defectors who, whether out of fear or conviction, have no intention of ever returning to their homeland. Others are converts who have embraced Islam, the religion of their captors and, for many Asian Soviets, of their parents as well.

According to a number of Soviet POWs held in northeast Afghanistan, who spoke to *TIME*, conversions to Islam have seldom, if ever, been made at gunpoint. Nor do they seem to owe much to the spiritual appeal of the Muslim faith. In most cases, isolation,

fear and the promise of being socially accepted by their captors have drawn the prisoners to Islam. Beg, Nazaro and other Soviet captives say they are free to make occasional accompanied visits to local bazaars and encouraged to join in volleyball games with off-duty guerrillas. "I became a Muslim once I learned the language," says Vilko, or "Azzulrah" as he is known among the Afghans.

A few defectors, particularly central Asians with a genuine commitment to Islam and an antipathy toward European Russians, have reportedly actually taken up arms on the *mujahedin* side. Almost to a man, the POWs who talked to *TIME* denied any desire to return to their homeland after the war. "I'd like to stay in Afghanistan and find a job," said Beg, explaining that he feared imprisonment or even execution if he returned home to the Soviet Union. "I'm free here," he explained. "As a Muslim, I'm not oppressed."

The final status of the POWs is far from certain. They could become pawns in a post-war tussle between Moscow and the *mujahedin*, who are insisting that the Soviet Union pay war reparations to a future Afghan government. Negotiations over the POWs will be further complicated by the task of separating those who decide to return to the U.S.S.R. from those who do not. Until then, most of the POWs are doomed to remain strangers in a strange land, trusted by hardly anyone. "To all appearances, they are Muslims and pray with us," says Mohammad Payendah, an administrative officer in a guerrilla garrison. "But God alone knows what is in their hearts."



Captured: Nazaro, left, with fellow Soviet POW

their limits," says Massoud. "Even if one of the other *mujahedin* parties were to propose it, we would not agree to people who have betrayed this country having a chance to participate."

To discuss military strategy and the internal politicking with Massoud, the leader of Jamiat-i-Islami, Burhanuddin Rabbani, 53, in September made his first trip to Afghanistan's northeast since the war began. Accompanied by an escort equipped with Stinger missiles, the former Kabul University theology professor met with Jamiat commanders in Panjshir's bomb-scarred villages. Rabbani told *TIME* that he thought it unlikely that elections could be held soon after Kabul falls. "It is important to establish a government on the basis of the vote of the common people of Afghanistan," he said in a bow to principle, "but under these conditions an election is not simple. It may even be impossible. If so, I see another solution, namely military administrative units strong enough to establish order and bring about the conditions for elections." Last week Rabbani assumed the rotating leadership of the *mujahedin* alliance.

Massoud and Rabbani, both fundamentalist Muslims, are careful to distance Jamiat from radical visions of an Islamic state; specifically, asserts Massoud, "the position adopted by Iran is not laid down by Islam." Massoud also jabs sharply at one of Rabbani's chief rivals, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, the head of Hezb-i-Islami, calling him the "extremist" among the conservative Islamic resistance leaders in Peshawar. Throughout the war, armed clashes have flared between Hekmatyar's men and other *mujahedin* parties—Jamiat, in particular—and a personal rivalry between Massoud and Hekmatyar dates back to their university days in Kabul. "Hekmatyar has always put personal power before the interests of the nation," says Massoud. "In ten years of war, he has never yet managed to achieve one solid accomplishment for the jihad."

Massoud and Rabbani insist that they hope to build a common platform with other *mujahedin* parties and have invited their help in building a more broadly based national "Islamic army." Says Rabbani, "We believe that all other parties should join in, and we are working hard toward this end." If unity proves as difficult to achieve in victory as it has been up to now, Jamiat's leaders may look on their army as more than a dagger aimed at Najibullah's heart; the force may prove to be what one Jamiat official calls an "insurance policy" for a postwar future in which peace is far from certain. —By Edward W. Desmond. Reported by T.A. Davis/Panjshir



Serbian rage: after the meeting, protesters in Kosovo cry, "You have sold your souls!"

YUGOSLAVIA

Talk, Talk—Fight, Fight

Milošević loses a battle, but his long-term prospects improve

After more than a month of political unrest that has brought their country to the brink of civil strife, many Yugoslavs had been counting on last week's meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee to shake up the national leadership and address the nation's economic miseries. What they got was a three-day Belgrade talkathon that accomplished little—and may in fact have worsened the political crisis. The biggest loser, at least for the moment, was Slobodan Milošević, the demagogic Serbian party leader and Yugoslavia's most charismatic politician since Josip Broz Tito, who died in 1980. Afraid of Milošević's success in exploiting nationalistic sentiment among Yugoslavia's 8 million Serbs, his enemies ganged up on him and won at least a temporary victory.

Milošević has been campaigning for a drastic expansion of Serbia's power within Yugoslavia, including a tightened grip over the province of Kosovo, which is now only technically under Serbian control. Yugoslavia's Serbs regard Kosovo as their historic homeland, even though they now constitute little more than 10% of the province's population. At last week's meeting, Milošević was opposed by the leaders of Slovenia, Croatia and Bosnia, all of whom feared that his ambitious campaign would upset the fragile balance of power among Yugoslavia's six republics and two autonomous provinces.

In a particularly harsh rebuke, the Central Committee passed a vote of no confidence against one of Milošević's allies, Politburo member Dušan Skrebić. It also

accepted the resignations of four of the 14 Politburo members. But what may have distressed Yugoslavs the most was the Central Committee's failure to address the disastrous meddling of party apparatchiks in the country's economy—a subject on which Milošević has campaigned with marked success. While Yugoslavia's \$21 billion debt worries Western bankers, its citizens have watched their standard of living decline steadily. Heating bills often consume half an average monthly income of less than \$100, while housewives must stand in line for hours to buy bread.

After its setback last week, the Serbian party leadership canceled a mass rally in support of Milošević that had been scheduled to take place in Belgrade at the conclusion of the Central Committee session. In Kosovo, however, thousands of Serbs gathered to boo, whistle and turn their backs on two Central Committee members who tried to address them. "You have betrayed Kosovo!" some cried. "You have sold your souls!"

Milošević's defeat enhanced his popularity among his followers, to the detriment of national unity. Observed Kostja Cavoski, a Belgrade lawyer and political analyst, "Milošević is riding a tiger. If he backs down on his demands, he will be regarded as a traitor by his strongest supporters. But if he continues to incite mass protests, he will be challenging the entire political order in Yugoslavia." Though chased off this time, the tiger remains on the prowl. —By William E. Smith. Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Belgrade



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**MSRP including dealer prep, tax, license, destination charge and other optional equipment additional. ‡MSRP for model described including dealer prep, tax, license, destination charge and other optional equipment additional.

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World Notes

CENSORSHIP

Terror In, Rights Out

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has often proclaimed that terrorists must be deprived of the "oxygen of publicity." Last week she tried to cut off the air supply of the Irish Republican Army by banning radio and television interviews with members of the outlawed guerrilla group and its political arm, Sinn Fein (including Gerry Adams, the party's sole representative in Parliament). The action, which also applied to some Protestant extremist groups, marked the most sweeping British censorship decision since World War II. The Re-



Silence is not golden to Adams

public of Ireland has maintained a similar ban since 1976.

The next day the government announced that it would introduce legislation to limit

the right of suspects in Northern Ireland to remain silent during legal proceedings. Courts could then infer guilt if a suspect refused to answer questions. While the right to silence has been a cornerstone of British criminal justice, the Conservative Party's 101-seat majority in the House of Commons makes passage of the measure virtually certain.

Critics charged that the moves threatened the rights of all British citizens. "Violence cannot be defeated by injustice," warned Sarah Spencer, general secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties. The government responded that terrorists have been thwarting justice by "the gross, determined and persistent abuse" of the right to silence. ■

SOVIET UNION

A Travel Permit For Sakharov

Until recently, the form of travel available to Soviet dissidents was one way. Now, though, it looks as if the Soviet Union's most prominent dissenter will be granted a visa for a trip to the U.S. that will not result in unwanted exile. Physicist Andrei Sakharov, winner of the 1975 Nobel Peace Prize for his human rights efforts, announced last week that the Soviet government had tentatively agreed to let him visit the U.S. next month. The reason for the trip: a conference of the International Foundation for the Survival and Development of Humanity, an organization devoted to environmental, economic and human rights problems that was launched last January in Moscow. The group has a Nov. 13-16 meeting in Washington, where its U.S. headquarters is located. Permission to travel is not the only fruit of *glasnost* for Sakharov, who was forced to live in internal exile in the city of Gorki from 1980 to 1986. He was elected last week to the

SOUTH AFRICA

The New Ball Game

Of all the sanctions aimed at South Africa, none have upset the white population more than the country's isolation from international sports events, especially rugby, the national sport. In a bid to return to global competition, two leaders of the white-administered South African Rugby Board last week struck an unprecedented deal with the anti-apartheid black Rugby Union and the outlawed African National Congress. The parties urged the formation of a single rugby association that could field an integrated team for foreign tournaments.

Right-wingers attacked Danie Craven, head of the Rugby Board, for meeting with A.N.C. leaders. State President P.W. Botha also denounced the get-together. Yet some government leaders were privately pleased that the A.N.C. had dropped an anti-apartheid line that declared, "There can be no normal sport in an abnormal society." The A.N.C., for its part, demonstrated a willingness to bargain, undermining the government's contention that the group is dedicated only to violence. ■



Subic Bay: a two-year agreement leaves hard feelings behind

THE PHILIPPINES

How Much for The Bases?

It took nearly seven months of sometimes acrimonious negotiations, but last week the U.S. and the Philippines signed a two-year compensation agreement covering the use of Subic Bay Naval Station and Clark Air Base, America's biggest overseas bases. Unhappy with the annual \$181 million the U.S. had been paying, Manila initially demanded \$2.3 billion in yearly compensation. The U.S. countered with a first offer of \$360 million but later added to the package. After signing the pact in Washington

last week, Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus maintained that the U.S. had come close to meeting Manila's minimum demands in a "creative" three-part package that consists of \$481 million a year in cash and direct assistance, as well as \$355 million in "soft" loans and financial guarantees. The beauty part, according to Manglapus, is a complex arrangement that may amount to as much as \$900 million a year in debt relief for the Philippines, which owes foreign creditors \$29 billion. Nevertheless, critics in the Philippines charged that the government of President Corason Aquino had settled too cheaply. ■



Washington-bound in November

47-member presidium of the Soviet Academy of Sciences—a far cry from the treatment he experienced during the Brezhnev years, when some members tried to have him stripped of his academy membership for his criticism of the Soviet government. ■

The Price of Power

Corporate fat cats throw their weight around in the 1988 campaign



When George Bush and Michael Dukakis breezed into Houston during the same week this fall for \$1,000-a-plate fund raisers, Enron, a Texas oil-and-gas firm, had both sides covered. The company's Republican chairman, Kenneth Lay, was co-host for the Bush event, while Democratic president John Seidl attended the Dukakis affair. The hedged positioning made sense: with a victory in November, either presidential candidate, along with the new Congress, could have a profound impact on the energy industry.

The logic applies to almost any other industry, as corporate executives well know. Business people are funneling contributions to Republicans and Democrats alike, in fact to anyone with a reasonable chance of winning or holding a national office. By using loopholes in the election reform laws of 1974, which limit political contributions to candidates, corporate donors have helped make the 1988 national campaign the most free-spending in history.

By Election Day the two presidential candidates will have spent nearly \$70 million each. Most of that money comes from public funds, according to the rules set up by the reform laws. Congressional candidates, by contrast, receive no public money and tend to be heavily dependent on business donations. This year's victorious Senate candidates will shell out, on average, more than \$3 million, up from \$1.2

million in 1978. A House seat will cost about \$360,000, compared with \$130,000 ten years ago.

Campaign managers who help fill campaign kitties say they merely want to make sure that their views are given a fair hearing in the corridors of power. Public-interest groups see something more sinister at work. Fred Wertheimer, president of Washington-based Common Cause, contends that "Congress is being corrupted" by contributions that "buy influence and undermine meaningful elections."

Influence peddling was to have been curbed by the series of campaign laws that Congress passed in 1974 in the wake of the Watergate scandal. Designed to keep fat cats at bay, the legislation permits individual donors to give a maximum of \$1,000 to any one candidate and

gifts to multiple candidates in federal races that can total no more than \$25,000 a year. Companies are not allowed to contribute directly to campaigns, but they, along with labor unions and other organizations, can set up political-action committees that solicit donations from employees or members and give the money to selected politicians. A PAC can donate no more than \$10,000 to one campaign, but contributions of that size could conceivably be made to every presidential contender and all of the candidates for the 535 seats in Congress. With so many opportunities to give, PACs have boosted their handouts enormously, from \$25 million for the 1980 election to more than \$80 million so far this year.

Perhaps not surprisingly, AT&T, which is heavily regulated by the Government, has the plumpest business PAC. In 1987 the company's committee controlled a fund of \$1.45 million, up from \$1.28 million in 1986, which it used to support 398 congressional candidates, most of them incumbent Democrats. Roughly 45% of AT&T's 45,000-member management-level staff donated an average of \$75. Says AT&T spokesman Burke Stinson: "It's a part of people's everyday lives now, along with the United Way." United Parcel Service, which is hemmed in by Government restrictions on the mail business, ranks high among corporate PACs as well. In 1986 UPS gave \$616,000 to more than 300 members of Congress.

The largest donors take advantage of an easy way to circumvent the limits on contributions. In addition to giving directly to campaigns, they funnel money to political parties at the national, state and local levels, or to other private organizations that are technically independent of the candidates. Such gifts are not covered



Illustrations for TIME by David Suter

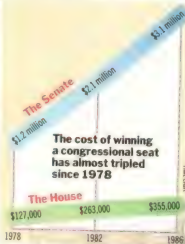
by federal election laws and can thus be unlimited. This type of contribution, known as "soft money," is the fastest-growing area of campaign finance. In 1980 the two major parties took in only \$15 million in soft money; this year the total will be more like \$100 million, evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans.

Soft money cannot legally be spent to promote a candidate directly—to put an "Elect Bush" ad on TV, for example. But the funds can be used for more general purposes such as conducting polls, organizing voter-registration drives or buying "Vote Republican" ads. The Democrats plan to use some of the \$7 million of soft money they have raised in California, for instance, to deploy nearly 75,000 precinct workers to greet voters at the polls on Election Day. In the past, candidates had to dip into their own campaign funds to pay for polls or to get out the vote, but with the growth in soft money, politicians can devote their election resources to more vital expenses, including staff salaries and TV spots.

Sometimes candidates find creative ways to use soft money. During the primary season, for example, wealthy individuals gave some of their soft funds to independent foundations set up by Jack Kemp, Bruce Babbitt, Pat Robertson and Gary Hart, who were campaigning for the presidential nominations. The foundations used the money to produce position papers on the issues for the contenders.

Petroleum companies and their executives are among the largest contributors of soft money. Their greatest fear is that the next Administration and Congress may try to help balance the budget by raising taxes on gasoline. Oil and real estate baron Nicolas Salgo gave more than \$500,000 to the New York State Republican Party. Great Western Resources of Houston donated \$100,000 to the Democrats. Los Angeles-based Arco played both sides of the contest, with a \$135,000 contribution to the Republicans and \$85,000 to the Democrats.

The tobacco industry has similar worries that either party might resort to raising the national cigarette tax, which has already gone up from 8¢ a pack to 16¢ in the past five years. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco channeled \$100,000 to the Republican Party, but that was offset when a



Reynolds tobacco heir, Smith Bagley, donated \$100,000 to the Democrats. "Many big corporations give both parties \$100,000," says a Republican fund raiser.

Critics charge that the soft money and large PAC contributions to candidates amount to little more than sophisticated vote buying. When tax reform came before the Senate Finance Committee in 1986, its 20 members received \$969,000 from insurance PACs and \$956,000 from

energy PACs, according to a report by Common Cause. Says Nancy Kuhn, a fund raiser for Dukakis in New York: "It's no mystery why the chairman of the finance committee can raise more money than the chairman of the judiciary committee." Even some members of Congress conceded, in a 1987 survey, that campaign contributions have had a negative impact on the legislative process.

In congressional races, Democrats rake in the largest share of PAC monies, despite the common perception that corporations lean toward Republicans. The reason is that Democrats hold majorities in both the House and Senate, and incumbents always have a better chance of winning than newcomers. Says one PAC manager: "The core of our business is access to legislators. We can get shut out if we give to challengers who lose." This year PACs have contributed \$66 million to congressional incumbents, an increase of 29.4% over 1986, while handing challengers only \$7 million, about the same as in previous elections. Democrats have garnered \$52 million, up 44% from 1986, but Republicans received only \$28 million, a drop of 6.7%. Result: PAC money tends to freeze the balance of power between the two parties and give many incumbents what can amount to a lifetime appointment to Congress.

Many politicians have come to expect business contributions as their due. Thomas Mann, director of governmental studies at Washington's Brookings Institution, describes PAC contributions and soft-money donations as a "mild form of extortion." Businesses, he argues, are only responding to pressure from politicians. "Congressmen let them know that if they don't play the game—and it takes money to play—then someone else will," Mann says. More and more, executives who refuse to become involved in politics via the money route could find it harder to do business.

—By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington, with other bureaus



Food Fights on Wall Street

Grocery giants become the latest takeover targets

When the U.S. stock market crashed a year ago, few investors were more shell-shocked than speculators who had bet on potential takeover stocks. Even by the sobering standards of Black Monday, their losses were devastating, and soon after the market collapse, as the takeover stage lay nearly deserted, investors began wondering whether the curtain had fallen on the best show in town.

They need not have worried: the deals are back—and bigger and bolder than ever. Last week top executives at RJR Nabisco stunned Wall Street by proposing what would be the biggest takeover in U.S. history: a \$17.6 billion leveraged buyout by management of the tobacco and food conglomerate. (Among its top brands: Winston cigarettes, Oreos cookies, Ritz crackers and Life Savers candy.) The RJR executives, with the help of the Shearson Lehman Hutton investment firm, hope to borrow close to \$16 billion to finance the deal. If the transaction is completed, it would eclipse Chevron's \$13.3 billion acquisition of Gulf Oil in 1984 as the largest takeover ever.

The RJR Nabisco bombshell broke three days after Philip Morris offered \$11.5 billion to buy Kraft. That merger, if consummated, would create the world's largest consumer-goods company: Philip Morris' Marlboro cigarettes, Maxwell House coffee and Miller beer would move into the same corporate basket as Kraft's Velveeta cheese, Parkay margarine and Breyers ice cream.

The two megabids were the most startling manifestations of a fresh outbreak of merger mania. So far this year, 4,813 mergers and acquisitions, worth \$366 billion, have been launched or completed. That compares with 4,082 transactions, valued at \$249 billion, during the same period last year. As daily stock-trading volumes languish at a fraction of their bull-market highs, and small investors seem a vanishing breed, mergers and acquisitions provide the only excitement around.

Led by F. Ross Johnson, the firm's chief executive, and Edward Horrigan, its vice chairman, an RJR Nabisco bid would take the firm private. The two men, who hold hefty chunks of RJR Nabisco stock, stand to make nearly \$18 million each on the deal. While they will proba-

RJR Nabisco: the largest bid ever?



If the proposed \$17.6 billion buyout by management is completed, the company will probably sell off much of its food business and concentrate on marketing cigarettes.

bly invest most of their profits in the new firm, that will do little to ease a projected \$25 billion debt burden. To pay off the 100s, RJR Nabisco will probably sell some of its divisions. The proposed deal must still be approved by a group of the firm's directors, but even if the panel rejects the plan, RJR Nabisco is now "in play," as Wall Streeters put it. Translation: some takeover or restructuring will probably take place.

Philip Morris hopes that its play for Kraft will prove to be pre-emptive—so attractive that Kraft management will be unable to turn it down. The tobacco and food giant is proposing to buy Kraft for \$90 a

share in cash, a 50% premium over the \$60 price of Kraft stock before the offer. To get a friendly match and outbid other possible suitors, Philip Morris may have to raise its bid to more than \$100, according to Wall Street analysts. Says Hamish Maxwell, the Philip Morris chairman: "We're prepared to negotiate this deal."

Philip Morris needs to lessen its dependence on the shrinking tobacco business, which now accounts for 52% of revenues: the Kraft acquisition would bring that level down to 39%. Moreover, Kraft has products like Miracle Whip and Philadelphia Brand cream cheese that have taken up permanent residence in American refrigerators. Since Kraft products do not compete with those made by Philip Morris' General Foods subsidiary, Philip Morris argues that the merger would pose no antitrust problems.

Kraft also offers Philip Morris a strong presence in the international markets that provide about a quarter of the food company's revenues. While Philip Morris' cigarettes are widely available throughout the world, its General Foods grocery products are not. Finally, Kraft has a \$1.2 billion cash hoard, tempting bait for any raider.

Philip Morris hopes Kraft will not be as resistant to a takeover as Pillsbury, which is fighting a \$5.2 billion offer from Grand Metropolitan, a British liquor conglomerate (J&B Scotch and Smirnoff vodka). Last week the company took out full-page newspaper ads that showed the normally cherubic Pillsbury Doughboy with a grim expression and wearing boxing gloves. Warned the ad: "We're not going to sit idly by while an opportunistic British liquor and gambling company tries to buy respectability."

Very few firms these days are big enough to be safe from takeovers. This year alone, such familiar institutions as Kroger, Polaroid and Bloomingdale's (Federated Department Stores) have come under attack. One reason for the buyout binge is the amount of money available for acquisitions. Private investors have guaranteed more than \$30 billion in capital to large takeover funds, providing would-be raiders with the capital to mount their attacks. Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts, an investment firm with \$5.6 billion for use in takeovers, is a leader in the field. Since the takeover funds can borrow against their capital, they have the potential to raise as much as \$300 billion. In a practice known as merchant banking, Wall Street

The Philip Morris offer for Kraft



The tobacco and food giant hopes that its \$11.5 billion bid will be too tasty for Kraft to turn down. The combined company is expected to spend some \$2 billion a year advertising its products.

And other top bids in 1988...

Target	Suitors	Status
Federated Department Stores	Last April, the retailer agreed to a \$6.6 billion offer by Canada's Robert Campeau. But R. H. Macy snared some Federated divisions.	Completed
Polaroid	The camera maker hopes to fend off a \$2.4 billion offer from Shamrock Holdings, an investment firm controlled by the Roy Disney family.	Pending
Kroger	After rejecting hostile bids from Maryland's Haft family and Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, Kroger announced a \$4.6 billion restructuring.	Pending

Business

firms, including KKR, Shearson Lehman Hutton and Morgan Stanley, are buying stakes for themselves in the companies they help investors take over.

Foreign enterprises are fueling much of the U.S. takeover activity, mainly because the weak dollar makes U.S. assets bargains. So far this year, foreign firms have acquired U.S. companies valued at \$17.5 billion. Some of the richest bidders are Japanese: Sony paid \$2 billion for CBS Records Group, and the Bridgestone tire company bought Firestone for \$2.6 billion.

The merit of domestic mergers is a matter of debate. Friendly unions of two firms may help the combined company compete against foreign rivals. Philip

Morris, for example, hopes its purchase of Kraft will create a more formidable opponent to the West European consumer goods giants Nestlé and Unilever. And because most industries now operate in a global marketplace, there is decreasing danger that mergers will stifle U.S. competition and raise consumer prices.

Risks arise, though, when takeovers force a company to assume excessive debt. The proposed buyout of RJR Nabisco, for example, could load the company with enough debt to make it vulnerable to rising interest rates and a recession. Since Philip Morris will borrow about \$9 billion to buy Kraft, its obligations too could become uncomfortable. The tobacco

conglomerate is confident, however, that its cigarette business will generate enough cash to pay off its debts.

If they take effect, the Philip Morris and RJR Nabisco deals may prove to be textbook cases of smart corporate strategies. They could also turn out to be flops—or so U.S. business history would suggest. In the 1960s some of America's most celebrated executives, including Harold Gien at ITT and Charles Thornton at Litton Industries, acquired scores of companies and built huge conglomerates. Like many empires, they eventually declined. A similar fate may await some of today's dealmakers. —By Barbara Rudolph
Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Cutting Red Tape to Save Lives

The FDA vows to speed up approval of breakthrough drugs

Like the Internal Revenue Service, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration is one of those Government agencies that everyone loves to hate. Pharmaceutical companies lament the profits they might be making if only the drug-approval process did not take so long. Desperately ill people accuse the agency of denying them experimental drugs that might offer hope for survival.

Last week the FDA got a chance to play hero when it announced a streamlined procedure that could cut the time it takes to develop and market a new drug from eight to as little as three years. The new rules will affect only medications designed to treat seriously debilitating or life-threatening illnesses such as AIDS, some forms of cancer and Alzheimer's disease. Moreover, the regulations will probably disappoint many people because it will still take years for most drugs to pass through the agency's approval pipeline.

Greater cooperation between the FDA and pharmaceutical companies is the key to the new plan. Before a drug can be approved in the U.S., its manufacturer must guide it through a gauntlet of testing, moving from basic laboratory experiments through animal research to carefully controlled experimentation on people. Under the system in use until now, FDA investigators did not begin evaluating the evidence until the human trials were almost finished. If the research methods or the results did not meet FDA requirements, pharmaceutical companies had to

perform more testing, sometimes starting all over again. Now manufacturers may ask for the FDA's guidance from the very beginning. "Up until this point, we've



FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES

Frustrated by a lack of anti-AIDS drugs, about 1,000 activists demonstrated in front of the FDA's headquarters in Rockville, Md., this month. They hoped to persuade the FDA to let them take experimental medication before it has been proved effective.

been the baseball umpire at the end of the process," explains FDA commissioner Frank Young. "What this new process offers is that we'll also be the catcher, giving early signals whether the research is leading to something or not."

The FDA move has met with mixed reviews. Critics charge that the announced amounts to a political ploy by the Reagan Administration to make George Bush look good three weeks before the election. How? Bush chaired the Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief this summer, which suggested that the FDA could make the drug-approval process easier and faster. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, on the

other hand, announced its support for the agency's plan, and industry analysts predicted that as many as twelve experimental drugs could be evaluated under the new schedule over the next year.

This is not the first time the FDA has unveiled a streamlined approval process. In 1982 the agency announced several timesaving steps, including a call for better communications between the FDA and manufacturers. Last year, after vociferous protests from people suffering from AIDS, the agency established a fast track for drugs that might help in the fight against the eight-year-old epidemic. So far, however, only one very expensive medication, which can cause severe anemia, has been approved—Burroughs Wellcome's Zidovudine, or AZT.

Some of the delay can be blamed on a slow-moving bureaucracy, but not all. Uncovering a medication's side effects takes time. New drugs may promise hope in the lab, only to deliver pain—perhaps even death—in the real world. Early in the AIDS epidemic, for example, researchers tested a medication called suramin that worked well in a test tube. After administering it to dozens of people who had AIDS, doctors discovered that the drug killed the patients faster than the disease. Three years ago, cancer patients applauded the news that treatment with interleukin-2, a drug made from molecules in the body's own immune system, could fight off several kinds of malignancy. Then word came that it had killed four out of 157 patients. Against that backdrop, the FDA's efforts to expedite drug approval will be welcome—as long as they do not put speed ahead of safety.

—By Christine Gorman. Reported by Bernard Baumohl and Raji Sanghabadi/New York

We still think
there's a lot to be said
for small talk.



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Business Notes



Hiyakuta bankrupted his rivals

REAL ESTATE

The Baron Of Boardwalk

With the yen so strong against the dollar, Japanese investors have been snapping up prime pieces of U.S. real estate from Honolulu to Manhattan. None of these acquirers is quite like 36-year-old Ikuo Hiayakuta. He gobbles up entire city blocks like so much cardboard. Then he builds row upon row of houses and hotels until his rivals are driven into bankruptcy.

Fortunately, Hiayakuta's ruthlessness is all in good fun. Last week in London he became the first Japanese to win the world's Monopoly championship, defeating 29 players from 28 countries. His final challenger, 13-year-old Ken Shabtay, an Israeli. Hiayakuta was breathless after collecting his last dollar in the 2½-hour final. "Most pleased!" he declared. "I really wanted to win. I was determined." His title is no mean feat: the game has now been translated into 19 languages, and 100 million copies have been sold. Hiayakuta, a trading-company employee from Chiba City, took home a cash prize of \$15,140—the amount of play money that comes with a Monopoly set. ■

FINANCE

A Little Help From Friends

Mexico has long been a model debtor, keeping current on its interest payments to foreign banks. Even in the face of 20% unemployment, it has stuck to an austerity program that has slashed the country's inflation rate from 15.5% a month in January to less than 1% in September. Luck, however, has not been on the government's side, and the recent plunge in the price of oil, Mexico's principal export, threatens to create a new financial crisis and political unrest.

Last week, following a quick round of negotiations between the U.S. and Mexican officials, Washington announced an emergency \$3.5 billion loan to Mexico, the biggest such relief package since the Latin American debt problem arose in 1982. The short-term credit is designed to tide Mexico over until the end of 1988, when it expects to receive new loans from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. ■

MEMORIES

Secondhand Second City

History is on sale in the Windy City. Although the Water Tower, which survived the Great Fire of 1871, still stands safely on Michigan Avenue, many of Chicago's less conspicuous landmarks—from dime parking meters to 40-year-old ballot boxes—can now be bought at the first City of Chicago Store. Half a block away from city hall on Randolph Street, the shop, run by the city's tourism council, offers obsolete pieces of Chicago, which would otherwise wind up on the scrap heap, along with the expectable assortment of posters and T-shirts. Working traffic signals sell for \$125, manhole covers go for \$100, and \$75 will buy a ballot box—unstaffed. Most popular item: street signs for \$35. ■



Not too sweet to sue

LITIGATION

Mutiny on the Lollipop

Bradley Weidman thought he could bank on the sugarbowl remembrance of a 1930s child movie star when he named his new soft drink the Shirley T. What the 26-year-old entre-

preneur from Encino, Calif., did not count on was the marketing savvy of Shirley Temple Black, 60, former Ambassador to Ghana and a Republican activist. Black, who has granted manufacturers 163 licenses in the past 50 years for everything from Shirley Temple dolls and music boxes to greeting cards, is suing Weidman for using her name without permission.

Weidman, whose sales reached \$200,000 last year, defends his drink's name by arguing that "Shirley Temple" has become part of the English language and thus is no longer a trademark. After all, he notes, when bartenders mix ginger ale and grenadine to make a Shirley Temple, they do not need Black's permission. The difference, Black counters, is that bartenders, unlike Weidman, are not trying to push a product. ■

COPYRIGHTS

Cake, Candles Not Included

FOR SALE: classic ditty: owned by the same family for 53 years; original condition; used only on special occasions.

Yes, the song *Happy Birthday to You!* is on the block. While the tune may seem like public property, it is one of some 50,000 copyrighted songs owned by the Birch Tree Group music-publishing company of Princeton, N.J. The company's longtime owners,

the Sengstack family, are putting it up for sale at an asking price of at least \$12 million.

Two Kentucky kindergarten teachers, Mildred and Patty Hill, published *Happy Birthday* in 1893 as *Good Morning to All* and later added the familiar lyrics. The song was copyrighted in 1935 and earns \$1 million a year in royalties. Japan's Casio Computer company, for instance, pays a fee for each of the digital watches that it programs to play the tune. The song will earn royalties until 2010, when it will pass into the public domain. ■



Amateurs may sing *Happy Birthday* for free, but professionals must pay

● COVER STORY

"They Lied to Us"

Unsafe, aging U.S. weapons plants are stirring fear and disillusion



BETRAYED The Charles Zinsers believe their sons' cancer may have been caused by radiation from the Fernald facility

BYED MAGNUSON

In the rolling countryside of southwest Ohio, the leaves have begun to turn to brilliant reds, ochers and yellows. But in the Cincinnati suburb of South Greenhills, some ten miles east of the Department of Energy's Fernald nuclear weapons plant, Charles Zinser, 38, was preoccupied, unmindful of the glorious surroundings. Zinser recalled how beginning in 1984 he had rented a vegetable garden near the plant. He often took his two young sons along as he worked. Two years later, both were found to have cancer. Samuel, then eight, had leukemia, and Louis, two, had part of a leg amputated.

Zinser contends that tests of his garden soil show it was contaminated with enriched uranium 235. And the doctor who tested his son's amputated leg told him it contained ten times more uranium than would be expected to accumulate naturally over a lifetime.

The doctor said Louis could have eaten dirt and not got that much," says Zinser. "He said the only way he could have got that much would have been to breathe it."

Across the country, the outrage and sense of disbelief are mounting. The nation's production-obsessed, scandalously shortsighted nuclear weapons industry is virtually under siege by its critics. And no wonder. Operating secretly behind a screen of national security for more than four decades, the bomb-makers have single-mindedly, sometimes recklessly, pursued their goal to churn out all the warheads the military believes, perhaps prudently, are needed to maintain the U.S. nuclear deterrent. Now they are being charged with ignoring the dangers that their operation of deteriorating facilities may have inflicted on the very citizens they were supposed to protect. Ohio's Senator John Glenn summed up the situation with ironic clarity: "We are poisoning our people in the name of national security."

Whether left unsupervised by lax Government officials or, worse yet, ordered by them to stifle their own concerns, the private contractors who run the major U.S. weapons plants released huge quantities of radioactive particles into the air and dumped tons of potentially cancer-inducing refuse into flowing creeks and leaking pits, contaminating underground water supplies in a seepage that

cannot be stopped. No one knows how many people may have been needlessly afflicted with such ailments as cancer, birth deformities and thyroid deficiencies—and no one in relevant offices seemed to care. Why? Because a legalistic, bureaucratic shuffle left no one responsible for whatever human and environmental damage was inflicted.

Only recently, that attitude has begun to change. The Department of Energy in 1977 took over responsibility for the nuclear weapons network, which had long been overseen by the now defunct Atomic

ton's view as well, technicians running an aging reactor at the Savannah River plant near Aiken, S.C., made errors in 1970 leading to the partial melting of a fuel rod. If the process had not been checked, it could eventually have led to a disaster on the order of the 1979 debacle at Three Mile Island. That frightening episode jolted the entire nation and inspired sharp reforms in the U.S. civilian nuclear power industry.

Despite the claims, there is no undisputed evidence that radioactive materials released into the environment around DOE facilities have harmed anyone. In

general, such contamination is believed to fall into a category that, according to Jacob Fabrikant, an expert on the biological effects of radiation, is "far too low to pose a risk to the health of individuals."

Yet there is agreement that radiation doses of more than 50 rems, a measure of the effect of radiation on the body, can sicken and even kill. It may do so by changing the chemical makeup of cells. A large enough dose can cause genetic defects and lead to cancer. Massive exposure in a brief period can result in radiation sickness and death within a short time.

As poisonous wastes from the weapons plants pile up alarmingly and no proven solution to their safe disposal is found, yet another dilemma looms. Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus, a former Secretary of the Interior, last week ordered state police to stop any shipments of nuclear military wastes from entering the state. Since 1952 some 75% of the defense industry's low-level radioactive brew has been deposited in 120,000 drums and 11,000 boxes on a "temporary" basis at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory, waiting for a new federal Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, near Carlsbad,

N. Mex., to open. There, the stuff will be buried in 3,000-ft-deep salt formations. But no one knows when WIPP started in 1983, will be ready. "If we can't resolve what we're going to do with the waste, then we have no business generating it," declared Andrus.

Far too belatedly the whistle has been blown on Government complacency, recklessness and secrecy. Under assault from congressional critics, citizen lawsuits and probing reporters, the private contractors and their see-no-evil federal supervisors have admitted to shocking practices and promised to clean up after their predecessors. That effort could



FERNALD, OHIO Governor Richard Celeste calls the innocent-looking Feed Materials Center a "time bomb"

Energy Commission, and finally seems bent on reform. Information about the weapons-production system has emerged that only begins to suggest the past callousness of both Government officials and private contractors. At the sprawling Hanford plutonium-processing complex in Washington State, managers once deliberately released 5,050 curies of radioactive iodine into the air. The reason: to see if they could reduce the amount of time uranium must be cooled before being processed into plutonium, presumably to increase production.

Operating well out of the public eye and, at least for a time, beyond Washing-



IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO Unloading area at Idaho National Engineering Laboratory, where some 75% of the weapons industry's low-level radioactive wastes are "temporarily" stored

cost as much as \$100 billion and take 20 to 30 years. Unwilling to spend money to keep their aging equipment in repair or to plan for orderly replacements, they have allowed their network of plants to become so disabled as to threaten the very reason for their creation: the maintenance of a credible nuclear deterrent.

The four biggest weapons plants in the U.S. have now been shut down. They are the pioneering Hanford facility in Washington, where eight reactors have been deactivated and the remaining one is on indefinite standby; the Savannah River complex, where all three operational reactors are down, knocking out the only means of producing tritium, a hydrogen isotope that boosts the explosive power of nearly all the 22,000 U.S. nuclear warheads; the plutonium-processing plant at Rocky Flats near Boulder, Colo.; and the deceptively named Feed Materials Production Center, in Fernald, Ohio, where some workers are striking for higher wages and safer conditions.

Energy Secretary John Herrington readily admits that safety fell by the wayside in the past as "things got too cozy" with plant contractors. Despite the growing public outcry, however, he plans to restart one tritium-producing reactor at Savannah River in December and another early next year. Herrington, a lawyer and Reagan appointee, has taken commendable steps to infuse a safety-conscious attitude at the weapons facilities. But he has failed to heed complaints from environmentalists and Congressmen who believe the plant should remain closed until DOE files an environmental-impact statement on the 300-sq.-mi. facility. If he does not do so, the National Resources Defense

Council, a New York-based environmental group, threatens to go to court to keep the plant from operating.

An extended shutdown could cause real trouble. If tritium production at Savannah River is not resumed within a year or so, says Assistant to the Secretary of Defense Robert Barker, "we will begin to disarm unilaterally." Even as such alarms are being sounded, however, there is little sense of urgency at the White House about either the danger to national security or the threat to people living in potentially irradiated environments near the DOE facilities. "The Energy Department is managing the situation very well," says B. Jay Cooper, a White House spokesman. Intent on keeping the issue from being politicized in the election campaign, another White House source was more candid, telling the *New York Times*: "If the news is going to be really bad, don't you want to make it an Energy Department disaster rather than a White House disaster?"

A bitter sense of betrayal, even among some defense-minded residents, has grown from the apparent aloofness of Washington officials to the perils that weapons production may pose to the health of innocent people living near the plants. And while studies are under way to assess radiation dosage inflicted on communities near some of the facilities and to find out what harm may have resulted, they will take years to complete. Meanwhile, the very uncertainty of the connection between radiation exposure and a variety of illnesses makes the future an agonizing mystery for many.

"I don't believe much of what DOE says about what's going on here," says

NUCLEAR NETWORK



Hanford

Richland, Wash.

Processes plutonium and reprocesses fuel from reactors






Major waste-storage site



Idaho National Engineering Lab

Idaho Falls

Reprocesses used fuel
Temporary waste storage, most of it from Rocky Flats

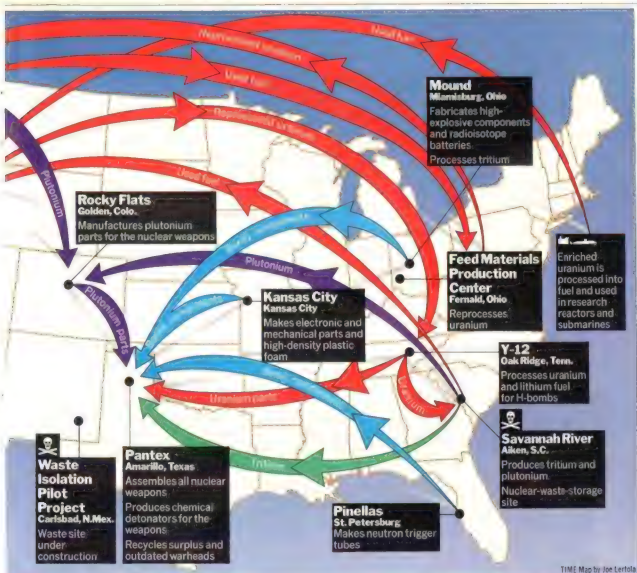
	Plutonium
	Uranium
	Tritium
	Bomb components
	Nuclear waste



ASSEMBLED in Texas,
bomb parts first crisscross the U.S.

Steve Ritchie, a high school teacher in Idaho Falls, who is concerned about how the wastes piling up at the INEL site might affect nearby residents. "I don't think they're ever going to be honest," Boise State University Professor Michael Blain, who has studied the health impact of the Idaho repository on residents of Clark County near the site, contends that cancer deaths and breast malignancies there have run about twice the normal rate.

Even as a newly aroused DOE bureaucracy struggles with the massive task of trying to clean up improperly stored radioactive wastes from 40 years of bomb-making, no solution is in sight for a demonstrably safe permanent disposal system that will last for the required



millenniums. At just two facilities, Hanford and Savannah River, nearly 100 million gal. of highly radioactive wastes have been generated. At Hanford alone, some 200 billion gal. of the more benign low-level wastes have been dumped into ponds, pits and basins—enough to create a lake 40 ft. deep and large enough to cover Manhattan.

In the catalog of previously concealed horrors, one of the worst records was compiled by the Hanford facility. Documents secured in the past three years by a Spokane environmental group under the Freedom of Information Act revealed that between 1944 and 1956, a startling 530,000 curies, a measure of emitted radioactivity, of iodine were released into

the air by the facility—an amount greater than any ever recorded at a U.S. nuclear plant. In 1953 and 1954 a large quantity of radioactive material was emitted, depositing particles near the ranching town of Mesa, about 15 miles from Hanford's boundary.

The revelations left local residents badly shaken. Some refer to one stretch near Hanford as "death mile," where they claim to have counted an unusually high number of cancer deaths. Others point to their "downwinder" neck scars as evidence of thyroid operations that they blame on radioactive-iodine releases from the weapons plant. Robert Perkes, a farmer near Mesa, his wife and three of his daughters all take medication for

underactive thyroid glands. "They didn't tell us the things that were going on," Perkes complains. "They were letting it fall all over us. They used us as guinea pigs."


Tom Baillie, who was born near Hanford in 1947 and is running for the Washington State legislature, feels the same bitterness. Baillie's father had surgery for colon cancer at 39, his mother had skin cancer, his two sisters have had their lower colons removed. "I have a big hole in my chest, and I'm sterile, and I have only 90% of my lung capacity," he says. Baillie lays his family's misfortunes, rightly or wrongly, on Hanford's doorstep. "Their business is to make bombs," he says. "Mine is to firm I don't care what they

und
isburg, Ohio
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osive components
radioisotope
eries.
cesses tritium

**Feed Materials
Production
Center**
Fernald, Ohio
Reprocesses
uranium

Enriched uranium is processed into fuel and used in research reactors and submarines

Y-12
Oak Ridge, Tenn.
Processes uranium
and lithium fuel
for H-bombs

 **Savannah River**
Aiken, S.C.
Produces tritium and plutonium.
Nuclear-waste-storage site

Pinellas St. Petersburg Makes neutron trigger tubes

Kansas City
Kansas City
Makes electronic and mechanical parts and high-density plastic foam

Rocky Flats
Golden, Colo.
Manufactures plutonium
parts for the nuclear weapons




Waste Isolation Pilot Project
Carlsbad, N.Mex.
 Waste site under construction

Pantex
Amarillo, Texas
Assembles all nuclear weapons
Produces chemical detonators for the weapons
Recycles surplus and outdated warheads

Pinellas St. Petersburg Makes neutron trigger tubes

Y-12
Oak Ridge, Tenn.
Processes uranium
and lithium fuel
for H-bombs

 **Savannah River**
Aiken, S.C.
Produces tritium and plutonium.
Nuclear-waste-storage site

Mound
Miamisburg, Ohio
Fabricates high-explosive components and radioisotope batteries.
Processes tritium

**Feed Materials
Production
Center**
Fernald, Ohio
Reprocesses
uranium

Enriched uranium is processed into fuel and used in research reactors and submarines

TIME, OCTOBER 31, 1988



SAVANNAH RIVER Radioactive refuse awaits burial in metal boxes; a basin permits contaminated heavy metals to settle. For decades wastes have seeped into aquifers beneath the facility

do there as long as they keep it there."

The federal Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta plan to study how individuals living near Hanford have been affected physically. In a preliminary estimate, CDC researchers suggested that 20,000 children in eastern Washington may have been exposed to unhealthy levels of radioactive iodine by drinking milk from cows grazing in contaminated grasslands. Other scientists are already attempting to determine the actual doses of radiation received by residents, a study that may take five years and cost up to \$10 million. Concedes Hanford manager Michael Law-

rence: "There is no question that releases from the plants in the 40s and '50s were far higher than would be allowed today."

At Ohio's Feed Materials Production Center in Fernald, a uranium-processing plant, the innocent-sounding name and the red-and-white checkerboard design on a water tower led some nearby residents to think it produced cattle feed or pet food. They have learned, to their dismay, that not only was the facility fabricating uranium rods for nuclear-reactor fuel cores and components for warheads, but one of its even scarier outputs was radioactive pollution. Marvin Clawson,

59, who lives near the plant, blames its operators for the fact that his wife Doris has had surgery for cancer three times and her mother, Amy Butterfield, 86, six times. Declares Clawson: "We've been deceived and lied to." Adds Mrs. Clawson: "We ask for the truth—and we know damned well we're not going to get it."

The strange happenings at Fernald illustrate the baffling ways officials, private or public, involved in the mismanagement seem able to escape legal and financial liability for their actions. Records released last month show that when the operation began in 1953, the Atomic Energy Commission told the contractor, National Lead of Ohio, to dump radioactive refuse into pits dug in the ground, then standard practice. When rainwater caused the pits to overflow, the AEC stonewalled the contractor's suggestions for fixing the problem. In 1958 National Lead warned that liquid was leaking through concrete storage tanks that had cracked. The commission's expedient solution: don't get new tanks, just keep the liquid below the cracks. The flawed tanks are still in use.

Richard Shank, director of Ohio's environmental protection agency, estimates that the Fernald operation has released 298,000 lbs. of uranium wastes into the air since the plant started. Beyond that, he cites the deliberate discharge of 167,000 lbs. of wastes into the Great Miami River over 37 years. An additional 12.7 million lbs. were placed in pits, all of which may be leaking. Senator Glenn is still awaiting an analysis he requested three years ago from the Energy Department on whether such estimates are correct.

The department has admitted that the Government was aware of these hazardous events at Fernald all along. A class-action lawsuit was filed against National Lead in 1985 by some 14,000 Fernald area residents. All too aware that radiation exposure is difficult to link conclusively with specific health problems, the residents are seeking \$300 million in damages from lowered property values and the emotional trauma created by living near the plant. Their problem now is that the Federal Government is largely immune from such lawsuits. A recent Supreme Court decision ruled that a contractor meeting specifications set by the Government is cloaked with immunity from legal action. No one, it appears, is liable—or accountable.

That has enraged Ohio Governor Richard Celeste, who has demanded that the plant be permanently closed. "If a terrorist had buried it there, there would be an extraordinary and prompt reaction. In this case, it was our Government that buried the time bomb," he declared last week. "They have lied to us. Without a



Food for thought for those who don't stop thinking at 11:00 p.m.

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mechanism to oversee what they're doing, we can't trust them." Charges Ohio EPA chief Shank: "The U.S. Government is the single biggest polluter in Ohio and probably the nation."

At the Savannah River layout, where discharges of reactor coolant emerge hot enough to boil a frog, a DOE official admits: "It's not too good for the fish around here either." The agency also concedes that a network of shallow aquifers under the vast acreage is contaminated with radioactive compounds. A deeper aquifer contains toxic, nonradioactive materials. The only argument: whether this supply is the source of drinking water for the surrounding area.

It is at Savannah River that some of the weapons industry's most disturbing blunders have been exposed. Congressional investigators have turned up internal memos from the facility's manager, E.I. du Pont de Nemours, citing numerous incidents over three decades. On May 10, 1965, operators ignored a loud alarm for 15 minutes. Then they saw water spilling across the reactor-room floor. Fully 2,100 gal. of fluid had leaked out of the reactor, leaving the level of coolant too low. The reactor shut itself down automatically.

Only two fuel meltdowns are known to have occurred in U.S. reactors before the crisis at Three Mile Island. Those were in the pioneering days of nuclear weaponry. Besides the partial melting of a fuel rod in 1970, a more recent near calamity took place in March 1982, when a technician at one of the Savannah River reactors left a water valve open, and for twelve hours the undetected flow flooded a large plutonium-processing room. The contaminated water was 2 ft deep.

William Lawless, a former engineer at Savannah River, contends that plant managers paid little attention to workers who spotted what they considered unsafe practices. He says he was overruled when he tried to warn officials in 1982 about storing highly radioactive liquid waste in holding tanks whose floors had corrosive pits. "It's just like the shuttle disaster," he says. "Engineers weren't allowed to stop something they should have. Management controls them."

The disclosures have ignited a public spat between the Energy Department and Du Pont chairman Richard Heckert. He charges that DOE has inflated the Savannah River troubles so that Westinghouse Electric, which is scheduled to take over the plant's operation from Du Pont on April 1, will look better. Heckert also contends that DOE is promoting the furor to gain public support and congressional funding for a new tritium-producing reactor at the huge installation. It would cost at least \$6 billion and take more than six years to build. "Despite all the hullaballoo," Heckert says of his company's operation of the plant, "nobody was ever injured or killed."

The gloom at Rocky Flats began on Oct. 8 when the Energy Department ordered work stopped in Building 771, where operations vital to the functioning of the entire facility were conducted, severely curtailing activity for the foreseeable future. The shutdown came after three people walked into a room that contained contaminated equipment. The warning sign that should have alerted them was covered by an electrical panel. Although the workers were not seriously exposed, the sloppy attitude toward safety has a long history at the plant. In its early days of operation, it was prone to fires, culminating in a blaze in May 1969 that caused \$21 million in damage. The instal-

When area hunters bag a deer, they routinely run parts of it past a wildlife agent for radiation tests before serving it for dinner. The sight of coverall-clad workers chopping down "hot" trees growing in contaminated soil causes little concern.

But for many, the invisible nature of radiation does stir emotions and feed paranoid imaginations. Yet by operating for so long behind veils of secrecy, the weaponsmakers have left a void of perception that is all too easy to fill with worries that may or may not be exaggerated. In certain ill-defined and perhaps unknown quantities, radiation in the air, soil and water can, of course, be deadly. Some of its forms may persist for many centu-



HANFORD, WASH. Plutonium for the Nagasaki bomb was produced at this 45-year-old reservation. Now all nine of its reactors are shut down, amid fears for area residents

lation also faces a huge cleanup bill for its careless handling of wastes in the past. The price is placed at \$755 million by DOE; critics contend it will be twice that amount.

Inevitably, many hardy souls who work in the nuclear plants or whose communities rely heavily on the income they bring scoff at what they consider the alarmist fears being raised. Charges John Poynor, mayor of Richland, the closest town to the vast Hanford spread: "The types of people who are critical of Hanford and other nuclear reactors don't like anything except whales. I'd ship them all off to Alaska and let them rescue those three whales that are stuck."

Among those who are not especially concerned about the safety of the weapons-production network are residents of Oak Ridge, Tenn., where enriched uranium has been produced since the very beginnings of the atomic age. Radiation is such a humdrum part of their daily lives that they take the red-and-white warning signs posted along Poplar Creek in stride.

As federal officials and fiercely independent private contractors finally step out of the nuclear closet and seek vast sums to clean up the mess they have created, repair aging facilities or build new ones, they face an unfamiliar challenge. Only candor and a new determination to give public safety priority over arms production can win the support they need.

Charles Zinser's concerns about the safety of the Fernald plant are understandable, even wrenchingly so, considering the cancers that his two boys have suffered. Yet he does not ask much of the weaponsmakers. "I would like to see, just like it was an individual, that they'd just admit they screwed up, that they were willing to right their wrongs," Zinser says of the bombmakers. "There is a lot of damage they can't undo. But if they deny responsibility, and you have a Government that is not accountable to its citizens, then you do not have a republic."

Reported by Jerome Cramer/
Washington, B. Russell Leavitt/Fernald and
J. Madeleine Nash/Richland

GET THE RICH OFF THE DOLE

PETER PETERSON, warning about the perils of the U.S. debt, says that America's youth faces bankruptcy unless entitlements for the elderly are cut back

A staunch Republican who served as Richard Nixon's Secretary of Commerce, Peterson, 62, has been a consistent and vociferous critic of the Reagan Administration's economic policies. In 1982, while chairman of the investment banking firm Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb, he co-founded a bipartisan group that warned of the mounting U.S. budget deficit. Still one of the most powerful men on Wall Street, Peterson now heads the Blackstone Group, a smaller investment house specializing in corporate takeovers and leveraged buyouts. His new book, On Borrowed Time: How the Growth in Entitlement Spending Threatens America's Future, written with Neil Howe, continues his assault on the economic policies of his own party. TIME senior editor Walter Isaacson and senior correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer interviewed Peterson last week in his office on New York City's Park Avenue.

Q. You say that entitlements, or government outlays for people qualified by law for financial assistance, today absorb 11% of the gross national product. Which do you consider the most egregious of them?

A. The most egregious concept in the entire entitlement package, to me, is the idea that people like Peter Peterson, to take a specific example, should be getting three to five times what I've put into Social Security, plus interest, plus my company contribution, plus interest, and that I should be receiving a lot of it tax free.

The argument that is used to support this system is that you need to bribe the well-off so that they will support the poor. Translated, what that's saying is everybody better get on the wagon getting subsidies from the Federal Government. But the awkward question that leaves is if everybody is on the wagon, then who pulls it? So I think the single most egregious thing is the idea that in a time of profound fiscal stress in this country, we've got billions and billions of dollars going to well-off people under the guise of universal entitlements.

Q. But if a couple has a retirement income of more than \$32,000, half of its Social Security income is taxed now.

A. We should have a firm principle that the relatively well-off should receive zero subsidies, not what's left after you

pay taxes, but zero. I say that when a person hits somewhere between \$40,000 and \$100,000 dollars a year in retirement, if he's got back his contributions plus interest, I'd tax it 100% because the relatively well-off should get no subsidies or welfare at a time like this.

My father told me that part of the American dream was that kids should do better than their parents. We now have a situation where our young workers have had a decline in real income after taxes, where a child is six times more likely to be in poverty than the elderly.

Q. Isn't it very difficult to argue against entitlements in the U.S. when we still suffer in comparison with Canada and every other industrial country, especially the Scandinavians, in terms of what we have as a social safety net today?

A. I suppose we ought to differentiate between what we pay and what we get. This country spends 11% of its gross national product on health care. The industrial world on average spends 3½% of its GNP. And I've looked at every measure of health I can look at, and there's little evidence that our health is any better. The Japanese spend even less than that as a percentage of GNP, and their health would appear to be better than ours.

We'd better be very careful about differentiating between what we spend and what people get. Now one of the reasons these countries may need less of a public safety net—and why we need more of a private safety net—is that we need the savings for our economy. And the reason I'm an admirer of Japan and West Germany is that those two countries have a very deep, real, long-term economic consensus on capital formation that isn't just rhetoric.

Q. What you're really trying to say is that we should shift our entitlement system from the old to the young.

A. Well, what I said is that let's go from age-based entitlements to need-based entitlements. We have some urgent priorities in this country. We know we have an uncompetitive educational system, and we need to invest more in education. We know we have an uncompetitive work force, with a third functionally illiterate and unable to work in the society.

The brute question that nobody wants to answer in an era of \$200 billion deficits is, Who provides the resources? And we ought to look at where the largest pools of subsidized consumption are. And I believe the idea of spending hundreds of billions of dollars on entitlements in which we're giving money to people who really don't need it, when we could take a much smaller amount and really help the poor and the children, is really an unforgivable way of allocating resources at a time like this.

Q. Let's go to politics for a moment. George Bush has been against everything you say. He's against touching entitlements. He's against any taxing. What have you to say to him?

A. What I would say to Bush, if he were to ask me, is that the implication of what he, and for that matter Governor Dukakis, is more or less saying is that we're not going to take any of the painful steps to reduce our deficits and reduce our debt, and that you cannot continue to rely on Panglossian projections, as we've been doing now since 1980.

Q. Well, does it offend you when you watch Bush or Dukakis give these answers in debates?



"We've got billions and billions of dollars going to well-off people under the guise of universal entitlements."

A. Offend is a strong word. I'm bothered by the fact that the American people can't be told the simple truth—the simple truth being that if we're going to get back our competitiveness, we have to decide what we're going to give up to get it back.

Q. But wouldn't your suggestion to cut the benefits for the aged lead to a kind of triage in that a certain number of them will be allowed to die because they will not be eligible for life-prolonging care?

A. If we're going to find the resources to reinvigorate this country, we're going to have to make some real choices that are not costless choices. First of all, Medicare is a program that when L.B.J. announced it, he thought was going to cost \$500 million, and it's heading rapidly toward \$100 billion. Thirty percent of that money, which is a mammoth sum, goes to the last year of life.

We are spending two to three times more per capita on elderly health care than the rest of the industrialized countries. And we're spending far less on our children. We have virtually the highest infant mortality and the longest longevity at 80. It is an immensely moral, ethical, difficult issue. But other countries have made a choice.

Q. In your book you even talk about not paying for dialysis treatment for people who are over 55.

A. I fully appreciate that it sounds harsh and cruel, but the nature of making tough decisions... I can throw it right back at you and say, how do you feel about the idea that 96% of the people in this country now are not elderly, and the idea that children are six times more likely to be poor than the elderly, and then if I say to you, well where are you going to get the resources to invest in these children and their education? So the brute question is, What do you give up in order to get something else?

Q. Well, if I may say so, you're talking about tough choices, but in some ways you're really coping out, because things you suggest are things that are not even being discussed politically. The notion of really lopping off Social Security is just a taboo subject in American politics.

A. Let's talk about a few basic principles of reform. No, I is make them humane. By which I mean, let's talk about being fair to those that are less fortunate, making them gradual so that people don't have to disrupt their lives, making it fair to our children, which is something we're not much talking about here.

Interview

According to the estimates we've made, our kids are going to have to pay 25% to 40% payroll tax. Has anybody told our children that? So I am suggesting we have to be fair to our children.

Now let's talk about how draconian these reforms are that I'm proposing. Cost of living adjustment on Social Security, for instance. It's now 100%. There isn't another sector in America that I'm aware of that gets 100% indexing. Certainly, nobody in the private sector. I proposed leaving it at 100% for those who are poor and then having a diet COLA, as I call it, for the rest of us that are well-off. That isn't a huge cost. It's \$2 or \$3 a week that most of these people can afford. But it would save us something approaching \$100 billion dollars in the year 2000. Let's talk a gradual increase in retirement age. If you take longevity, which has gone up dramatically in America, what's wrong with increasing retirement age?

Q. Like Governor Dukakis, you're the son of a Greek immigrant, and in a very moving passage in your book, you describe how your father and mother toiled in a 24-hour restaurant 365 days a year in Kearney, Neb., where you grew up. A similar experience turned Dukakis into a liberal Democrat, whereas you became a conservative Republican. How did the same experience turn you into such different political men?

A. Well, three events converged to get me to spend three years on this book. The first was the death of my father, which after all, reminds all of us of our own horizon: my 60th birthday, which kind of says, you know, it ain't no dress rehearsal anymore; and third was the birth of a granddaughter which focused me a bit on posterity. Dietrich Bonhoeffer [a German martyr of the Nazi regime] said once that the test of the morality of a society is what it does for its children. Now that kind of crystallized my view that we ought to be concerned about the future and say the future matters and let's look at the future.

My father, I think, in addition to telling me what the American dream was all about—and he certainly lived it—was what I would call a compassionate conservative. He hated to borrow and he rarely borrowed. But he was immensely generous to the poor. There was hardly ever a person that came to that restaurant at the back door that ever went away hungry.

Q. Are you therefore opposed to the whole concept of entitlements, because entitlements mean that you have a right to something, whereas you would prefer to have people come to the back door for handouts?

A. No, no. I'm not talking about a handout. What I'm saying is that if you have a commitment to the young and the poor, then you have an equivalent commitment to identify the sources to fund it. You're not unaware of the fact, certainly, that we have something called a safety net for the truly needy, and as in some work I did on the budget, when I looked at the numbers, I discovered that the means-tested programs that went to the poor were cut three times as much as the non-means tested.

Only \$4 billion more would do an awful lot to lift virtually all above the poverty level. Now instead of that, we're spending hundreds of billions of money that isn't going to the poor at all.

Q. Do you think that what you do now, having got out of politics, and in some ways not having been involved in this struggle except from the sidelines with these proposals, and instead having become an investment banker, is the best way you could be helping the economy?

A. Well, the hardest subject today, I guess, is the foreign buying up of America. I'd like to turn that question around. What I am for is reducing our deficits and increasing our net national savings so we don't have to rely on foreign capital. I think that relying on this much foreign capital is very dangerous to our economic and our political health.

Q. But as an investment banker helping foreign companies invest here, aren't you profiting from the very thing you're criticizing?

A. I don't understand what's wrong with profiting. It's a lot better than losing. That's what the system is all about. Presumably, if we're not performing a service, people won't pay us for it.

Q. Do you think we're heading for a major political conflict between the old and the young in this country?

A. Just take your children today. How do you think your kids would feel about paying a third of their pay, a third of their pay going to Social Security? My answer is, at some point, even my daughter—who finds my discussions utterly eye-glazing, aggressively boring, because she's preoccupied with her career—now she's paying about 15% of pay, let's say. When all of a

sudden it's doubled and tripled. I think even she will decide it's intolerable.

I think in a lot of American life now, there's the big wink. They say we're fiscal conservatives, and yet we've got the biggest debts and deficits in the world. You can take almost every aspect of American life and we're all kind of winking at each other. The reason this problem is so intractable is because the American public deals with the here and now, and they're interested only in the present and not very much about the future, the way our competitors are.

In the current political campaign, don't you find it interesting that about the only issues we're discussing are all costless? The flag doesn't cost anything. Abortion is not an issue that involves resources. What else? Oh, the furlough program. The death penalty. All of these, interestingly enough, are costless. Whereas the real trade-offs that have to be made to assure our economic and political future all involve costs.

I don't know whether it's two years from now or five years from now or ten years from now, but we're going to learn what the real meaning of impossibility is in this country. ■

"I think that relying on this much foreign capital is very dangerous to our economic and our political health."

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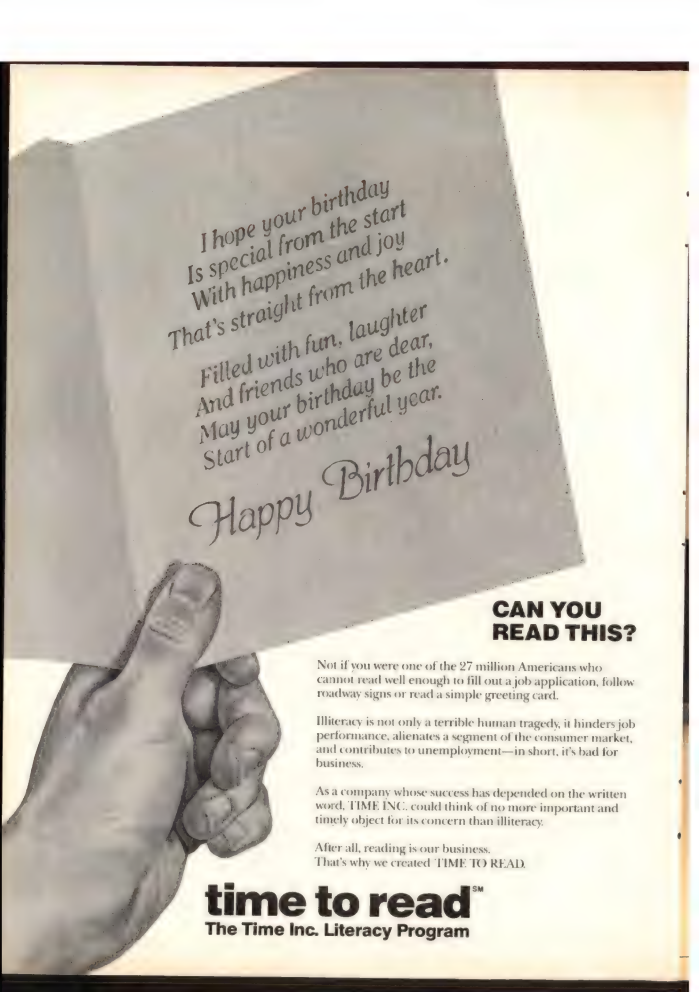


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A black and white photograph of a hand holding a birthday card. The card is tilted and contains a message about literacy. The text on the card is as follows:

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That's straight from the heart.
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And friends who are dear,
May your birthday be the
Start of a wonderful year.
Happy Birthday

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Tales of Patience and Triumph

This year age received its deserts, and the chilled champagne was readily at hand



Medicine

"We are still harvesting the fruits of what they determined almost 40 years ago." So said a Nobel official in Stockholm last week of the two Americans who won the prize for medicine for their pioneering work in drug therapy. It was an uncommon break with tradition: the Nobel committee recognized researchers in the commercial drug industry. Winners Gertrude Elion, 70, and George Hitchings, 83, are both affiliated with Burroughs Wellcome in North Carolina, and Sir James Black, 64, is now at King's College School of Medicine and Dentistry.

In the 1940s, Elion and Hitchings, who have worked together since 1945, found that the genes of healthy cells process information differently from those of cancerous cells and disease-causing bacteria and viruses. By targeting these cells and microbes with drugs that interfere with replication, they established an approach that led to new drug therapies for many diseases, including leukemia and malaria. In 1957 Elion and Hitchings developed the drug, azathioprine, that controlled rejection in organ transplants. That led to the development of acyclovir for the treatment of herpes and AZT, the only drug approved by the Federal Government for AIDS.

While the Americans concentrated on the inner workings of the cell, Black focused on "docking ports" used by chemical messengers moving between cells. In 1964 he developed a revolutionary drug for heart disease that blocks the effect of natural stimulants like adrenaline on special nerve receptors, or beta receptors, thus preventing the heart rate from increasing with damaging speed. Black's beta blocker is now widely used to treat heart disease and hypertension. Said Black with a laugh when he received the potentially overstimulating news: "I wished I had had my beta blocker handy."



Hitchings and Elion celebrate; Britain's Black after hearing news

Chemistry

For weeks the scientific rumor mills had anticipated the winners of the chemistry prize. So when Robert Huber, the managing director of the Max Planck Institute for Biochemistry near Munich, received his telephone call from Sweden, the champagne was readily at hand. Huber, 51, and fellow West Germans Johann Deisenhofer, 45, and Hartmut Michel, 40, were recognized for revealing the "atom by atom" structure of the molecule at the heart of photosynthesis, the process by which sunlight is converted into the chemical energy that fuels plant and animal life.

In biochemistry, function often follows form. Using sophisticated X-ray techniques to analyze the atomic structure of life's most basic components, scientists have been able to unlock astonishing mysteries. Focusing on a bacterium that uses a simple method of photosynthesis, Michel concentrated on a cluster of proteins that spans the organism's outer membrane, called the photosynthetic reaction center. These so-called membrane-bound proteins are like plants themselves: antennae protrude from cell surfaces, anchors hold them in the membrane, and rootlike tentacles reach into the cell's interior. But the molecules resisted study.

In 1982, however, Michel was able to isolate the protein cluster from the membrane and concentrate it into its crystalline form. For the next three years, at Huber's direction, the researchers used X-ray crystallography to determine the structure of the protein cluster's 10,000 atoms. The laborious research opens the possibility that someday scientists will be able to produce solar cells that mimic the design of photosynthesizing molecules.



Deisenhofer at work in Dallas; Huber with formulas; Michel visiting Yale last week

Nobel Prizes



Longtime pals:
Schwartz at Digital
Pathways in California;
Fermi's ebullient
Lederman;
Steinberger



Physics

"I'm so old I can remember when the Dead Sea was only sick," cracked the ebullient director of the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory near Chicago, Leon Lederman, 66, had a premonition that there would be good news from Stockholm this year. "This is the year for the geriatric Nobel Prize," he said—and he was right. Lederman, along with former Columbia University colleagues Melvin Schwartz, 55, now the head of his own computer firm in California, and Jack Steinberger, 67, a research physicist in Geneva, Switzerland, won the award for their groundbreaking contributions to particle physics. In 1962 the three developed techniques to capture neutrinos and use them to discover other particles in the subatomic world, including the muon neutrino, believed to be one of the dozen building blocks of matter.

Physicists had long speculated about the existence of neutrinos, particles that appear in all radioactive processes. Because the elusive neutrino is essentially without mass or charge, it was difficult to pin down. Lederman calculates that a single neutrino has only a fifty-fifty chance of being deflected when streaming through 100 million miles of solid steel. The young physicists used the powerful accelerator in Brookhaven, L.I., to produce and aim a flood of protons at a beryllium metal target. The stupendous collisions of protons slamming into the barrier shattered atomic nuclei, releasing new particles, including neutrinos. The particles then hit a wall of steel that absorbed all but a single beam, which carried billions of neutrinos into a detector. Studying the debris at 3 o'clock one morning, Lederman found the footprints of a high-energy muon. Not only had the physicists developed a useful tool for exploring matter by means of neutrino streams, but they had also discovered a new animal in what physicists call "the subatomic zoo."

For all his high spirits, Lederman was awed by receiving the prize. "There's something spooky about the Nobel," he mused. "It has its own special aura because of earlier winners, like Einstein and Enrico Fermi, whom we venerate."

Economics

When France changed direction during the mid-1980s and turned many of its nationalized industries back to private hands, no one should have felt more pleased than Maurice Allais. France's most eminent economist. During the country's postwar reconstruction, when French economists of nearly every stripe endorsed nationalization, Allais took exception. Still, he became an influential contrarian voice in the making of France's industrial policy, arguing that even state-run monopolies are most efficient when they set prices and allocate resources according to market forces.

For his many theories and the densely mathematical formulas that support them, Allais, 77, last week won the Nobel Prize for Economics. "It took a long time to investigate him because of the great volume and complexity of his works," said Assar Lindbeck, chairman of the awarding committee for the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. Allais's breakthrough opus, *In Search of an Economic Discipline*, published in 1943, runs 900 pages and has never been translated.

The son of a Parisian dairy-store owner, Allais first earned an engineering degree but switched to economics after witnessing the spectacle of the Great Depression. "In 1933 I was in the U.S., which was then a graveyard of factories," he says. "I needed to understand why." After distinguishing himself as an economics student at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Mines in Paris, Allais worked for seven years in the French mine administration and in 1944 became a professor at his alma mater.

Allais developed theories on many economic relationships, including the connection of interest rates, growth and investment. But most influential were his formulas that showed how a monopoly could set prices for such products as coal or electricity at a level that would be best for society.

Though Allais is relatively unknown outside France, his ideas have gone forth and prospered through the efforts of his students. Yet Allais had thought the prize would forever elude him. "I've been mentioned many times down the years," he said at his home in suburban Paris, "but I gave up thinking I would win it." Allais sees the award as a rebuke of official retirement policies, which forced him to give up teaching nearly a decade ago. Said he: "I'm happy to have the Nobel Prize to show how absurd this situation is."



A believer in free markets, Allais was a contrarian voice in the making of France's postwar industrial policy

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Convicted by Their Genes

A new forensic test is revolutionizing criminal prosecutions

Jurors at the trial of Victor Lopez were troubled by a major discrepancy. Lopez, charged with sexually assaulting three New York women, is a light-skinned Hispanic, yet each of the women had told police that her assailant was black. Was he, as his attorney insisted, a victim of mistaken identity? No, concluded a jury in Queens, N.Y., last week: it found Lopez guilty of all three attacks.

Billy Lewis Glover Jr. had been tried twice for rape, but both Dallas proceedings had ended in mistrials. Earlier this month a third jury took just 22 min. to return the verdict—guilty.

The pivotal evidence was the same in both cases: results from a new forensic test, known as DNA, or genetic, "fingerprinting," which can specifically match a suspect to genetic material in blood, hair or semen left at the scene of a crime. Hailed as the single greatest forensic breakthrough since the advent of fingerprinting at the turn of the century, the technique is being put to use with growing frequency in the nation's courtrooms. Orlando prosecutors scored the first conviction in the U.S. based on DNA typing just last November in a rape trial; since then it has figured prominently in more than 150 cases in eleven states.

Advocates claim the test will revolutionize the investigation of violent crimes, from rapes and homicides to armed rob-



Guilty: Victor Lopez

beries. It also promises to resolve questions of kinship, a matter of import in child-support and immigration disputes, and will provide a reliable new means of identifying human remains.

In more than 1 million criminal incidents each year, suspects are not even arrested because evidence is too weak. "With DNA printing," boasts Robert Shaler of Lifecodes in Valhalla, N.Y., one of three

U.S. companies that offer the analysis, "police will now be able to say with certainty, 'That's the guy,' instead of 'That could be the guy.'"

Older biochemical tools, which have progressed from simple blood typing to analyzing specific enzymes and proteins, are crude by comparison. With the best combination of such methods, the chance of making a matching error is one in 1,000 DNA, however, is unique for each individual, and a match between a crime-scene sample and material obtained from the accused (usually in a blood sample) is virtually unassailable, say experts. Declares John Huss of Cellmark Diagnostics in Germantown, Md., another DNA-testing firm, "Except for identical twins, one in 4 trillion or 5 trillion people might share the same genetic fingerprint."

The technique not only helps place the suspect at the scene of the crime, but can also suggest what he or she was

doing there. "One may have some plausible explanation for fingerprints," explains Timothy Berry, a prosecutor in Orlando. "But blood, semen, uprooted hair, skin under the fingernails of the victim are something else." The information can be so damning that it precipitates a confession. In Tacoma last December, a bus driver pleaded guilty to rape, although the victim, a 57-year-old woman with Alzheimer's disease, does not remember the crime. DNA analysis established that semen on the woman's undergarments belonged to the accused. On the other hand, genetic fingerprinting can be equally powerful in establishing a suspect's innocence.

Still, DNA printing is not yet automatically acceptable in court as evidence. Judges now rule on its admissibility on a case-by-case basis. But the methodology, which has long been used in biological research, is expected to survive legal challenges, and the FBI is moving rapidly to adopt the technique.

Ultimately, forensic experts foresee the creation of computerized banks of DNA prints. Washington State's King County is wasting no time. Beginning in January, the county plans to take DNA samples from all convicted sex offenders. The aim: a DNA library that will pinpoint the owners of genetic fingerprints left at the scenes of future crimes.

—By Anastasia Toudes.
Reported by Thomas McCarroll and Raji Samghabadi/New York

Technology

Say It with Sewage Gas

A new way to make diamonds

The medieval alchemists who tried to turn base metals into gold had the right idea, but they may have set their sights too low. Using modern techniques, scientists at the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory have accomplished an even more amazing transformation: they have turned sewage gas into diamonds.

Diamonds, the crystalline form of carbon, are usually formed when organic solids are subjected to intense heat and pressures. But under the right conditions, the glittering crystals can also be manufactured from a carbon-rich gas—something the Navy's lab has in abundant supply. Its facilities abut Washington's giant Blue Plains Waste Water Treatment Plant, which each day generates 650,000 cu ft. of methane (CH₄). Tapping that supply, chemist James Butler passed a sample of the gas over a filament of tungsten glowing at 4,000° F. To his delight, a sparkling film of synthetic diamonds began to appear. The searing heat had knocked carbon atoms loose from the methane, allowing them to settle, layer by layer, into crystal patterns.

Butler's rocks will not turn any heads at Cartier: the largest is a few thousandths of an inch thick. But the sturdy crystals could be used to make wear-resistant machine tools, for example, or scratch-proof lenses. Diamonds would even make first-rate computer chips if they were not so expensive to produce. Butler's technique could help solve that problem. "The gas is free," he points out, "and the supply is virtually unlimited."



DNA matchup: FBI chemist checks prints in Quantico, Va.
Experts say chances of a mistake are one in 4 trillion

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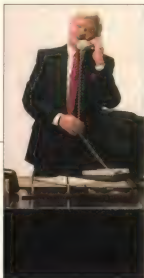


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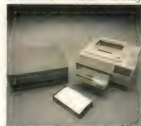
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Education

A Task Worthy Of Solomon

Boston University proposes to take over a city school system

"I don't think Solomon could solve the problems of Chelsea," says Carmella Oliver, a parent in the industrial Boston suburb. "Education is not a priority here." Luckily, it may not take a Solomon—just nearby Boston University, which has offered to run the city's failing school system. The plan, now being debated by the seven-member Chelsea School Committee, could be ratified as soon as next month and go into effect this winter. When that happens, B.U. will become the first private institution in the U.S. to take over and manage a public school system.

It has been more than 60 years since a school went up in Chelsea, a crumbling city of 26,000 immigrants and blue-collar workers on Boston Harbor. Even now, with the state offering to pay 90% of the costs, the city board of aldermen refuses to spend local funds for a badly needed high school and elementary school. Language and cultural obstacles compound the system's problems: over half of the 3,300 students speak Spanish or Cambodian at home. Faced with sagging test scores and a 17% annual dropout rate, many parents and local leaders seem willing to try anything. "What do we have to lose?" asks school committee chairman Bruce Robinson.

Under the university's rosy rescue proposal, the Chelsea system will provide extensive social services for children as



Robinson, left, and Silber, second from right, with the university's would-be charges

Among B.U.'s proposals: Latin courses, health programs and higher teacher salaries.

well as a rigorous education. While B.U. teaching interns would receive course credits for their stints at the blackboard, degree candidates in nursing and dentistry would oversee medical and nutrition programs for preschoolers. B.U. social workers would visit the homes of troubled students to help address problems affecting their school performance. Other plans include a top-to-bottom overhaul of the curriculum and increases in teacher salaries, now among the lowest in the state.

The prospective payoff: reading, writing and math test scores would rise 20% in five years, according to B.U. projections, bringing them in line with state averages. "Even if B.U. only accomplishes 50% of what it sets out to do," says Robinson, "we will be better off."

But the novel scheme has sparked bitterness among Chelsea teachers and the school committee, who say it gives B.U. too much power. B.U.'s blunt-spoken president, John Silber, admits that the

program "is not going to be run like a Quaker meeting." B.U. originally proposed that a university-appointed board would make most school decisions. Outraged school committee members successfully lobbied for the right to overrule verdicts on the budget or school policy with a two-thirds vote. However, B.U. would still hold most of the cards.

Financially, the going has already been rough. Though B.U. had optimistically hoped for \$2.5 million in corporate and foundation support for the Chelsea plan, only two donors have come through so far. But the lack of funds does not seem to worry the university. Education dean Peter Greer, who will run the experiment when it goes into effect, believes the solution to Chelsea's problems ultimately depends as much on B.U.'s imagination as on money. Says he: "If we can't bring improvement to this system, then we're not very good."

—By Susan Tift

Reported by Sam Allis/Boston

Milestones

LAWSUIT SETTLED. Between Kathleen Du-Ross Ford, 48, widow of auto magnate Henry Ford II, and two Ford estate trustees—her stepson Edsel Ford II, 39, and investment banker William H. Donaldson, 57, in Palm Beach, Fla. Mrs. Ford, who sued for a larger share of the estate, will receive at least \$10 million this year and \$1.5 million in future years from the \$350 million Henry Ford trust, as well as ownership of the couple's homes in Grosse Pointe, Mich., Palm Beach and London.

GUILTY. Roger Boas, 67, San Francisco's former chief administrator and unsuccessful mayoral candidate: on a plea to seven counts of statutory rape involving sex with teenage prostitutes; in San Francisco. One girl told a grand jury that she recognized her customer "George" as Boas after spotting his picture on a campaign billboard in September 1987.

INDICTED. Patrick Swindall, 38, Georgia Republican Congressman: on ten counts of perjury in Atlanta. Swindall had requested the indictment in an attempt to clear himself before Election Day of charges that he lied to a federal grand jury investigating money laundering and an \$850,000 loan the two-term Congressman had been negotiating for. He will act as his own attorney as he stands trial this week. If convicted on all counts, he faces up to 50 years in prison.

RECOVERING. Sandra Day O'Connor, 58, Supreme Court Justice: from surgery for breast cancer; at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington. The malignancy was caught at an early stage, said O'Connor in a statement, and the "prognosis is for total recovery." She expects to be at work when the court returns from a recess next week.

DIVORCED. Jack Kent Cooke, 75, billionaire owner of the Washington Redskins; and Suzanne Martin Cooke, 32, a former employee of his holding company; after 15 months of marriage; in Warrenton, Va. She is seeking a \$15 million lump-sum settlement and \$8,000 a month in child support for her daughter Jacqueline Kent Cooke. To stop what she called the "vicious rumors going around Washington," Mrs. Cooke also asked for blood tests to verify the paternity of the child.

DIED. Melvin Frank, 75, scriptwriter, producer and director who deftly dished up romantic comedies, from Bob Hope's *My Favorite Blonde* (1942) and Cary Grant's *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* (1948) to the Glenda Jackson-George Segal romp *A Touch of Class* (1973); of complications from heart surgery; in Los Angeles.

Nature



The panicked leviathans gulped for air amid worsening subzero Arctic weather

Helping Out Putu, Siku and Kanik

Three trapped whales attract an army of unlikely saviors to a desolate stretch of Alaskan ice

BY EUGENE LINDEN

First there was Humphrey, the desultory humpback whale saved from starvation in California's Sacramento River in 1985 by an armada of whale lovers who successfully herded him out to sea. Last summer there was Henry, a young whale who made a wrong turn and ended up in New York's polluted harbor before regaining his bearings. Then last week the sight of three battered and bloodied gray whales gasping for breath at holes in a thickening Arctic ice pack caused Americans to forget, for a moment or two, both the World Series and the Bush-Dukakis race.

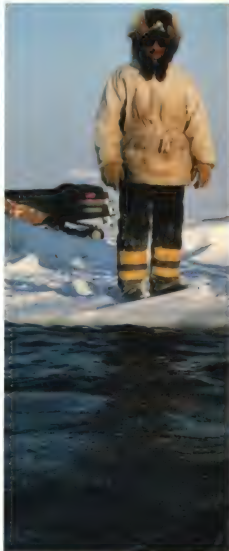
An unlikely, uneasy army of scientists, whale-hunting Eskimos, oil company officials and environmental activists mustered in frigid Point Barrow, Alaska, the northernmost point in the United States, to organize a \$1 million rescue effort. Biologists nicknamed the trio of young whales Bonnet, Crossbeak and Bone. By week's end the whales had competing Eskimo names—Putu, Siku and Kanik, or Ice Hole, Ice and Snowflake. They also had the good wishes of President Reagan, who called to tell rescue workers that our "hearts are with you and our prayers are also with you." The media frenzy prompted a bewildered Ron Mor-

ris, the National Marine Fisheries biologist coordinating the rescue, to remark, "This is completely out of proportion."

But with the world's attention focused on the rescue morning, noon and *Nightline*, there was no turning back. After failing to haul in a massive "hoverbarge" to smash open a pathway to the sea, the team said it would resort to dropping huge concrete blocks to break through the two-foot-thick ice and clear a five-mile path to open water. Ultimately, the mammoth rescue effort involved several helicopters, support vehicles and more than 100 people. While only a heart of stone could fail to be moved by the plight of the three whales, the vast resources consumed by their rescue caused some observers to scratch their heads—not at the behavior of the whales, but at that of their would-be human saviors. Such entrapment in ice, they know, is commonplace. Less than 30 miles from the rescue effort, polar bears feasted on the remains of a bowhead whale that had had the misfortune to become trapped before the arrival of the press.

In fact, as the whales futilely tried to break through the ice pack, some Eskimo hunters thought of putting them out of their misery. Even so, a swift coup de grace was mooted by a rush of television cameras and reporters.

As the press flocked to the site, the oil



companies, biologists and Eskimos discovered they had unleashed a juggernaut they could not control. The Eskimos quickly abandoned their seasonal hunt for endangered bowhead whales in the belief that it would not look good on network news. The oil companies found themselves in a no-win situation. Lampaned by an Anchorage *Daily News* cartoon that showed oil-company workers competing in a race for a "Public Relations Cup," the rescuers also faced the possibility of inadvertently killing the whales with kindness. Would the shock of heavy equipment hammering the ice pack panic the whales and scare them to their doom under the ice?

As for the biologists, they faced the choice of being killjoys—Morris at one point said that if polar bears tried to get at the whales, he would not interfere—or putting aside wildlife policy in the interest of public relations. In fact, once the ani-



imals were given their nicknames; the option of shooting the whales was replaced by the possibility that the defenders patrolling the breathing holes might shoot anything that threatened them, including the polar bears lurking near by.

Whoa. Kill members of one protected species to save three of another? What was going on here? In his nightly commentary, NBC's John Chancellor singled out the sound of the whales' labored breathing, a reminder of another mammal's desperate urge to live, as the signal that triggered the national flood of empathy. But there was something more at work. Once the whales entered America's living rooms, they became, in effect, giant pets. Nicknamed, anthropomorphized and even serenaded by guitars, the whales prompted straight-faced comparisons with last year's dramatic rescue of

Jessica McClure from a Texas well.

The Point Barrow rescue attempt brought out the best in Americans in terms of esprit and ingenuity. Two young Minnesota entrepreneurs paid their own way to Alaska, quickly managing with a special de-icing device to calm the whales by enlarging the holes in the ice. But it also raised troubling questions about the human proclivity either to pretend that animals are more like people than they are or to treat them as mere commodities.

Many marine biologists worry that the U.S. all too easily squanders its concern and resources on such individual rescue efforts, while programs that might benefit the whole species go begging. Others point out that the money spent on the rescue could substantially increase enforcement to prevent the illegal export of whale products. Still, many animal lovers saw the effort as an unalloyed plus. "Every time we are made more aware that we

share this planet with other organisms, it brings us into the web of life," says John Hall, a San Diego-based whale expert.

As for the three gray whales, they may have to face new, intensified dangers from polar bears and killer whales that might sense their distress, as well as the danger that they might again become lost or trapped by the ice. As naturalist Roger Caras remarked last week on *Nightline*: "They are exhausted, they are stressed, and they've got a gamut to run." Caras and others did not believe that Putu, Siku and Kanik would ever reach their wintering grounds off the coasts of California and Mexico. Meanwhile, conservationists and whale lovers might reflect on this conundrum: How can the human outpouring of concern for three whales, however sentimental or misplaced, be translated into real protection for whales in general?

—Reported by David Postman/
Anchorage

A Walk on the Seamy Side

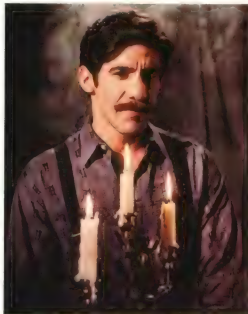
New tabloid shows are thriving on sex and violent crime

BY RICHARD ZOGLIN

Did you hear about the New Jersey garage owner known to his friends as the "jovial giant"? Seems he was shot to death in his driveway, allegedly by a former Scout leader who was having an affair with his wife. How about the middle-aged beautician in Florida who used to hang out at a bar called Madge's? Gave a ride to a drifter one night and wound up with her throat slashed and her body dumped by the railroad tracks. Then there's the Garden Grove, Calif., teenager convicted of shooting her stepmother to death. Now she claims she was coaxed into making a false confession by her father, who, she says, committed the crime in cahoots with her stepmother's sister. Whoaaa boy.

TV's police blotter is filled to capacity these days, and not just on *Murder, She Wrote* and *Miami Vice*. A fresh burst of nonfiction programming—news shows, pseudo news shows and other "reality" fare—has rediscovered those old reliables of tabloid journalism, sex and violent crime. *America's Most Wanted*, the highest-rated show on the Fox network, and *Unsolved Mysteries*, which joined NBC's schedule this month, solicit viewer help each week in tracking down fugitives. The syndicated magazine show *A Current Affair*, drawing good ratings on 125 stations, goes for the gut each night with stories on crime and celebrity scandal. Typical subjects on Fox's *The Reporters*, a tabloid version of *60 Minutes*, range from a grandmother who tracked down the alleged killer of her daughter to racist youths known as skinheads, in a report titled "Shaved and Dangerous."

You know sensationalism is back in style when Geraldo Rivera, network TV's original advocacy reporter, is riding high. After getting dumped from ABC's *20/20* in 1985, Rivera started an improbable comeback by opening Al Capone's long-sealed vault on live TV. The cupboard was bare, but ratings were huge, and Rivera followed up with melodramatic specials on such topics as drugs and death row, as well as with a daytime talk show. This week he returns to network TV with a two-hour special on NBC, *Devil Worship: Exposing Satan's Underground*. The sometimes graphic show dwells on crimi-



Rivera on the Satan beat for his new NBC special

A trend that panders to fears and revenge fantasies.

nals purportedly influenced by satanic beliefs, among them a 14-year-old boy who slashed his mother's throat and then committed suicide, and Robert Berdella, a Kansas City man under investigation for multiple tortures and murders.

There's more, lots more. A string of ABC specials in coming weeks will focus on people who have committed mayhem against those they love (*Crimes of Passion*), efforts by law-enforcement officials to catch parole violators (*Trackdown*) and "infamous events that have shocked a nation" (*Scandals: The Secret Identity of Jack the Ripper*, a syndicated special airing this week, presents new clues on the

Victorian bad guy, while *Who Murdered J.F.K.* claims to offer new evidence of an assassination conspiracy. In the meantime, Morton Downey Jr. shouts down guests nightly on his talk show; a parade of lesbian mothers, sex surrogates and rape victims tell their tearful stories to Oprah and Phil, and several new series are in the works, including a *Current Affair* clone called *Inside Edition* and a new offering from Rivera dubbed *The Investigators*.

Though sudden, the explosion of tabloid shows should not be surprising. There is no reason why TV should not have its own version of the New York *Daily News* or even the *National Enquirer*, alongside *World News Tonight* and *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*. "I see myself as an alternative vision," says Rivera, "not one dictated by the suits on Sixth Avenue [Manhattan's network row]." Although his antics often seem self-aggrandizing and overwrought, Geraldo finds the TV universe is big enough for him too.

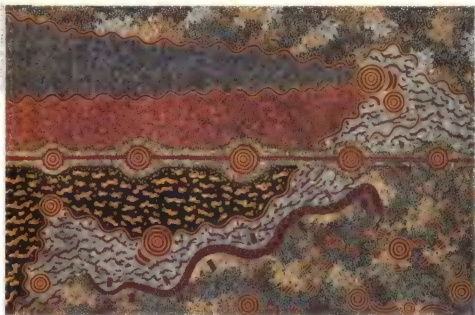
Still, once sex and violence start drawing ratings, the slope can be slippery. NBC is the only network not to have a weekly hour of news programming in prime time; yet it had no trouble finding two hours for Geraldo's devil special (being produced under the auspices of the entertainment division, not news).

TV's new fascination with real-life crime, moreover, has the whiff of pandering. The correspondents on *60 Minutes* have been called prosecutorial, but they at least come armed with sheaves of evidence. The hot-button journalists of *The Reporters* and other tabloid shows pursue their prey with little more than inflammatory narration and lurid "re-creations" of the crime. The appeal is to knee-jerk emotions, fears and fantasies of revenge.

A few strands of human complexity can be found on this seamy beat. The new syndicated show *On Trial*, featuring footage from actual court cases, has drawn criticism for turning courtroom proceedings into entertainment. Yet the trial excerpts are gripping and ambiguous as only real life can be. And a syndicated special airing on local stations this month, *Crimes of Violence*, probes disturbingly into the psychology of several confessed criminals. The shock is how calmly detached from their acts many of these "brutal" offenders are. One soft-spoken rapist, pressed to show remorse for his crimes, responds at last: "I'm not gonna cry on national TV." Thanks—we needed that. —Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles



Cast of *The Reporters*: hot-button journalism



FIVE DREAMINGS, 1984
Michael Nelson
Jakamarra, assisted by
Marjorie Napaljarri

One is not looking at abstract art at all, but at a highly formalized and deeply coded kind of representation in which the values favored by Western modernism—individuality, invention, fantasy—count for absolutely nothing.

Art

Evoking the Spirit Ancestors

The ancient, mythic world of the Aborigines comes alive

BY ROBERT HUGHES

The inhabitants of this Country," wrote William Dampier, the English sea dog who in 1688 became the first Englishman to record his impressions of Australia, "are the miserablest people in the World... Setting aside their humane shape, they differ but little from Brutes." Early this year, English journalist Auberon Waugh, who seems to have inherited his father Evelyn's racism if not his genius, visited Sydney for the Australian bicentennial. "They had no form of civil society at all, beyond whatever social organization may be observed in a swarm of locusts," he wrote of the Aborigines. Their art "must be judged the merest piffle by civilized standards."

From brutes to insects, in only 300 years: what an evolution for English thought? And in between, for the Aborigines, a long and melancholy history of invasion, resistance, murder, rape, rum and the destruction of tribal identity by white paternalism and greed. No indigenous people ever had a worse deal from European colonists.

And yet they did survive. There are more than 225,000 Aborigines living today, about 1.5% of Australia's population, and instead of dying out (as most whites around 1900 assumed they would), they

are increasing their numbers. The fate of these people is now one of the prime moral dilemmas Australia faces. It has also made whites more aware of the realities of Aboriginal culture. For here is the oldest continuous tradition of visual art on earth (30,000 years at least, more than twice the age of the Lascaux Cave paintings), tenaciously maintained in the face of pressures from the white majority. It is not a single tradition, for the Aborigines were never a homogeneous people. Between their arrival in Australia 40,000 years ago and the whites' arrival in 1788, their society ramified into hundreds of tribes and languages, thinly spread across a landmass almost the size of the U.S.

Nevertheless, it is strange that in the U.S., where every kind of primitive art from Nigerian to Alaskan has been exhaustively studied and consumed, so little attention has been paid to Aboriginal art. Something so old is very new—at least in America. Hence the fascination of "Dreamings: The Art of Aboriginal Australia," on view at the Asia Society Galleries in New York City through Dec. 31. This show of some 100 paintings and carvings, the older ones in earth colors on bark, the more recent in modern acrylic pigments on canvas or panel, was mainly lent by the South Australian Museum, the prime collector of this work. Its importance lies in the link between ancestral Aboriginal painting and its contemporary forms—a third of which, in this show, comes from

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CROCODILE HUNTING STORY, 1979
Mick Gihargu

Each Aborigine inherits a Dreaming as his ancestral totem, and this confers the right to paint its story. In the resulting work, every worm and speckle of paint is packed with meaning, and nothing is arbitrarily invented.

the Warlpiri culture at Papunya and Yuendumu, in the western desert.

A degree of *Schadenfreude* (pleasure in the misfortunes of others) dogs the aesthete's responses to modern primitive art. It gets written off as airport stuff for tourists, insincere, perfunctory, without the aura of mythical use. With the best of contemporary Aboriginal painting this cannot be done, partly because of the striking beauty and formal intensity of the work, but largely owing to the consistency and continuity of its central mythology—that of the Dreamings, or ancestral beings.

The show's five curators, anthropologists with an unusual sensitivity to the way images work in Aboriginal life, have produced in their catalog what may be the best short introduction to the Aboriginal world view now in print. Very briefly, the Dreamings are the world's spirit ancestors; they brought the world out of chaos, formed it, filled it with plants, insects, animals and fish, created human society. They exist in vast numbers, and there is one for every nameable entity: a Honey Ant Dreaming, for instance, or a Witchetty Grub Dreaming, a Flannelflower Dreaming or a Bushfire Dreaming.

The deeds of each of these ancestors, in creating and sustaining the world, form an immense narrative beside which the *Mahābhārata* is a mere short story, and all of them are embedded in the sacred sites that cover Australia. (From the Aboriginal point of view, in fact, Australia is one big sacred site.) Hence as curator Peter Sutton puts it in the catalog, "The land is already a narrative—an artifact of intellect—before people represent it. There is no wilderness."

The myriad dots that form atmospheric drifts of color in a recent Papunya school painting like *Five Dreamings*, 1984, by Michael Nelson Jakamarra and his wife Marjorie Napaljarri, may fill the space with an "all-overness" as complete as any painting by Jackson Pollock. But they are specific symbols for terrain, vegetation, movement, sites and animals, of which the most obvious is a big reddish snake. Concentric circles mark campsites or rock holes, straight lines the routes between them, wavy ones rain or watercourses, and so on. Even the tea carvings collected from tribesmen around Lake Eyre in the early 1900s, which seem to radiate a degree of sculptural fantasy that predicts the surrealist work of Giammetti and the totems of David Smith, are maps of landscape and the ancestors it contains.

Tribal art is never free and does not want to be. The ancestors do not give one drop of goanna spit for "creativity." It is not a world, to put it mildly, that has much in common with a contemporary American's—or even a white Australian's. But it raises painful questions about the irreversible drainage from our own culture of spirituality, awe and connection to nature. ■

Religion

The Little Prophet of Haiti

Tumult over an activist priest threatens both church and state

In one of Haiti's cruelest slums, scores of quasi-government thugs known as Tonton Macoutes, wearing telltale red armbands, stormed into a crowded Sunday Mass, attacking indiscriminately with knives, shooting wildly and torching the church. The toll of the rampage: 13 worshippers slain, more than 70 wounded and a gutted church building. But the apparent object of the attack, Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide, somehow managed to escape, as he had in five previous attempts on his life.



Firebrand Father Aristide celebrating Mass
Spurning pleas to "tone down" sermons.

Within a week, outrage over that Sept. 11 attack at St. John Bosco Church in the capital of Port-au-Prince provoked an army revolt that installed the new regime of Lieut. General Prosper Avril. The atrocity added considerably to the mystique surrounding the slight, bespectacled 35-year-old Roman Catholic priest, a socialist who is widely called a "prophet." Formerly a little-known worker among the dispossessed of his parish, Aristide is the only authentic leader who has emerged from the Haitian masses during the chaotic period since the despised dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier was overthrown in 1986.

Four weeks ago, Aristide came out of hiding to demand that the new Avril regime institute a wholesale cleanup by Oct. 17, including a total "uprooting" of the dreaded Tonton Macoutes and other vestiges of the Duvalier era. "The ball is in your court, and you are playing before a people who do not trust you," he warned

Avril. Haitians were soon surprised to learn that the priest had himself been confronted with an ultimatum.

The directive came not from the Haitian government but from Father Aristide's superiors in the Salesian Society of St. John Bosco, the 129-year-old religious order popularly known as the Salesians. Upset by Aristide's strident political activism, they commanded him to leave his homeland by the same date, Oct. 17, and to go into exile in Canada. Last week, as that date passed, it was clear that Aristide was not about to leave.

Once word of the Salesians' directive was out, impoverished Haitians by the thousands surged through the streets, threatening to set fire to Port-au-Prince and marching to the airport to block the rumored departure of the beloved priest. Though the Vatican has been blamed for demanding Aristide's departure, Salesian officials in Rome insist that the Holy See was not involved. Instead, the decision came from within their order. "We advised Aristide time and time again to tone down his sermons," explains Belgian priest Luc Van Looy, a top-ranking Salesian. Van Looy explains that the Salesians are concerned for Aristide's personal safety but also want to halt his preaching of violence as an acceptable means of ending Haiti's injustices.

Without Aristide's presence, say many political observers, his legions of adherents among Haiti's disenfranchised youth would probably turn to more violent and extremist movements. Already the country is bristling with talk of total revolution from the bottom up. Aristide and his supporters say they are actually a modifying influence and favor only "active nonviolence." The priest's political and religious philosophy is a homegrown variant of liberation theology, which advocates grass-roots social reform and a "people's church," with a lesser role for the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

The Aristide affair is exacerbating a latent split among Haiti's Roman Catholics between the official church and Aristide's "prophetic" wing. Both work for human rights and justice, but the official church, which led the nonviolent popular uprising that forced Duvalier to flee, insists on orderly and deliberate change. The church's internal conflict has become yet another wound in Haiti's suffering and demoralized society.

—By Richard N. Ostling,
Reported by Bernard Diecker/Port-au-Prince
and Robert Moryn/Rome

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|----------------|-------|
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| 3. United | 77.4% |
| 4. Continental | 76.9% |
| 5. Piedmont | 76.5% |
| 6. Eastern | 75.6% |
| 7. TWA | 75.4% |
| 8. Northwest | 74.4% |
| 9. USAir | 74.3% |

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Theater



Old-fashioned family confrontation: Davidson, Taylor, Curtis and Marchand

What's Ticking on the Table?

THE COCKTAIL HOUR by A.R. Gurney

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

An aging father and mother who seem drawn from a *New Yorker* cartoon are hectoring their middle-aged playwright son about the "need" for less of his satirical jape and for more plays of the kind they used to enjoy—elegant talk, beautiful clothes, faintly risqué hints of extramarital indiscretion. They want entertainment to affirm life, not scrutinize it. Having sampled truth, they prefer illusion. Atop the coffee table, looking innocuous yet posing a threat so potent that a grown daughter claims to hear it "tickling," is yet another of the son's kind of play. This one is overtly about the family, and he has come to ask their permission to let it be produced.

The name of the son's script, *The Cocktail Hour*, is the same as the work on-stage. The setting, "upstate New York," is plainly the native Buffalo of its author, A.R. Gurney (*The Dining Room*). Gurney's actual family has made little secret of its distaste for being portrayed in his work ever since his cartoonish *Love in Buffalo* was mounted at Yale School of Drama in 1958, while he was a student there. Yet the puckish hint of autobiography is only one of the charms of *The Cocktail Hour*, which opened off-Broadway last week.

As always with Gurney, an outward simplicity conceals a puzzle hunter's trove of puns, metaphors and hidden allusions. In the opening scene, the father misquotes a literary reference and the son, in gentle correction, claims that Coleridge said the

three great plots were *Oedipus Rex*, *Tom Jones* and *Volpone*. Sure enough, the play turns out to be like *Oedipus*, a struggle between father and son; the play within a play hinges, like *Tom Jones*, on questions of hidden parenthood; and the father, like *Volpone*, proclaims his forthcoming death to see what favors can be extracted in the hope of inheritance.

What makes *The Cocktail Hour* Gurney's most emotionally satisfying play is that audiences need not catch any of these highfalutin references to savor a splendid, old-fashioned family confrontation. This is indeed a play of the style celebrated by the parents, in which secrets are discovered, forgiveness bestowed and the ending genuinely happy. Its theme is universal. Why, Gurney asks, "when family relationships look so much alike, does each turn out to be unique?" Why, despite good intentions, do parents love one child more than another—and why do the children keep caring, right into their own old age?

Jack O'Brien has preserved his deft, unobtrusive staging of the original production at San Diego's Old Globe Theater, where he is artistic director, and has retained a splendid company: Bruce Davidson as the playwright, Holland Taylor as his discontented sister, Keene Curtis as their fussy paterfamilias and Emmy winner Nancy Marchand as the mother. Puffing up her husband, belittling her offspring, getting slowly sozzled with "just a splash"—a command she never barks the same way twice—Marchand at first appears silly and superficial. Like the play, she turns out to have surprising depths. ■

Beguiling Visions

RECKLESS

by Craig Lucas

A woman lies in bed listening to Christmas songs, crooning to her husband about their children. Abruptly he leaps from her side, explains that he has hired a hit man to kill her and regrets the action, but that it is too late for her to do anything except flee. This does not make much sense, nor will most of what happens to the woman during the next two hours on-stage, yet bolt she does. So begins what seems to be a years-long trek that brings her into contact with tacky game shows, corrupt charities, alcoholic dependency and mass murder—though it may be only a dream or therapeutic fantasy.

What matters in this new off-Broadway collaboration by writer Craig Lucas and director Norman René (*Three Pastcards*) is not the literal truth but the beguilingly hallucinatory fashion in which one vision blends into another. In an age when absurdism is yesterday's avant-garde, a handful of American playwrights work this rowdy territory. Only Lucas and René understand how to make something beautiful out of a dream walking. ■

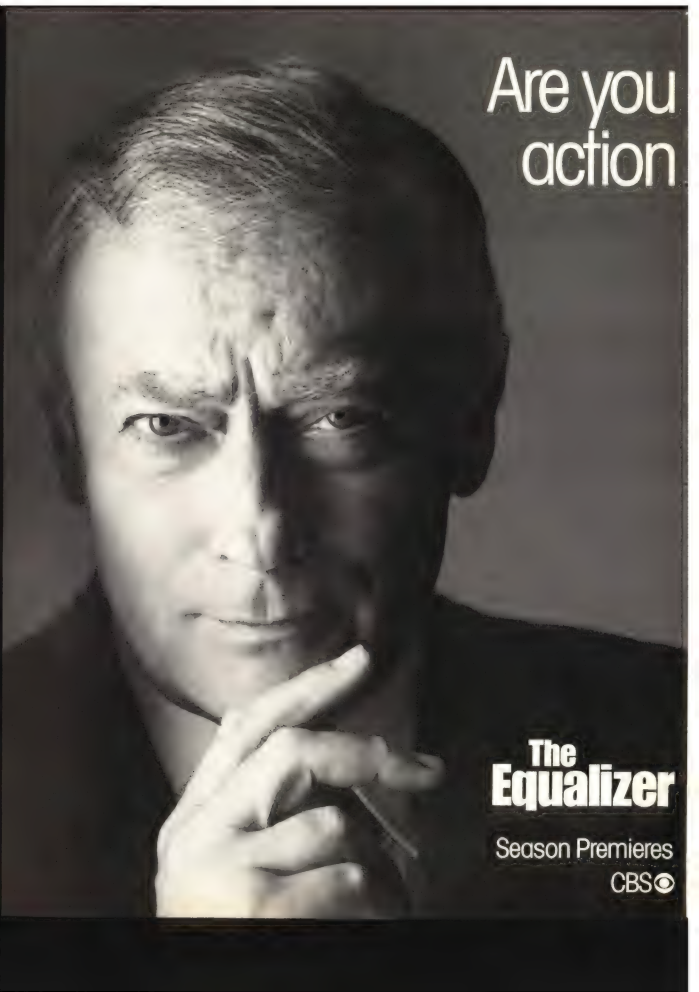
On the Shoals

DINNER AT EIGHT

by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber

It's raining stocks and bonds outside, but the portents don't penetrate the penthouses in *Dinner at Eight*, Kaufman and Ferber's glittering 1932 melodrama of the Depression. The countless plots revolve around a dinner party, an exercise in social climbing rendered all the sillier when the titled English guests of honor pop off to Florida hours before the soiree. While the featherbrained, steel-hearted hostess is lamenting lost social lions and lopsided lobster aspic, she fails to see that her daughter's impending marriage is on the shoals and that her husband's shipping business, the source of all the family's careless rapture, is sinking fast.

This woman is inevitably a figure of fun. In Arvin Brown's perfect production at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater, her blindness becomes a tragic symbol of the willful ignorance of a nation. Tony winner Elizabeth Wilson (*Sticks and Bones*) is supremely tough-minded and understated. So is the rest of the 24-member cast, notably Charles Keating in the sentimental role of a faded movie star (played by John Barrymore in the 1933 film). This is probably the finest revival of a classic by any U.S. regional theater this year. ■

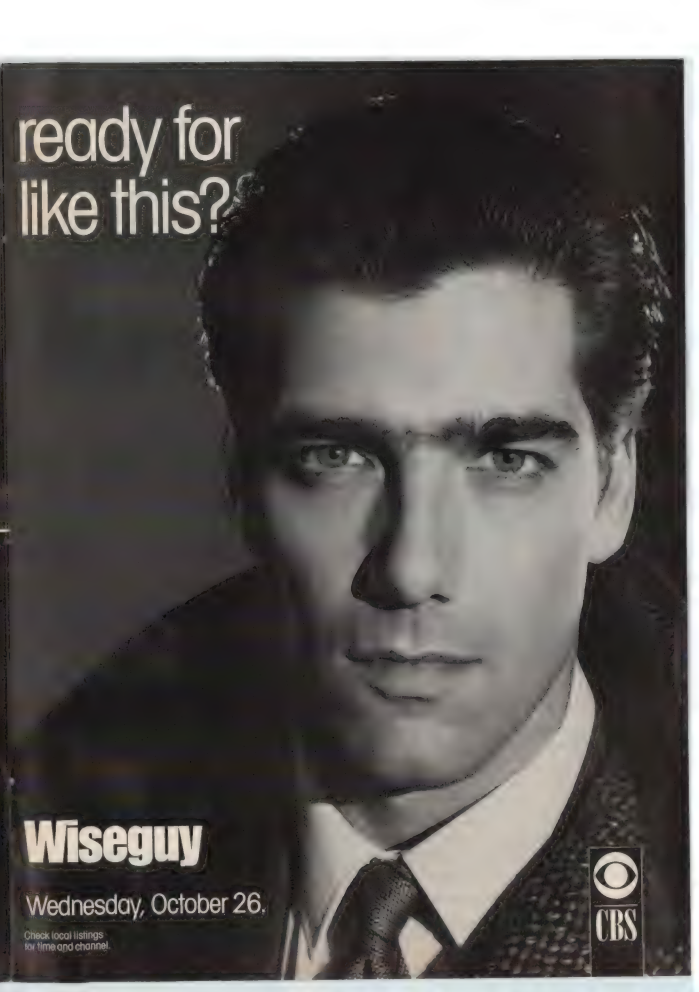


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Books

Lightning in His Brain

THE LAST LION: WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL; ALONE: 1932-1940

by William Manchester; Little, Brown; 756 pages; \$24.95

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, VOL. VIII: NEVER DESPAIR 1945-1965

by Martin Gilbert; Houghton Mifflin; 1,438 pages; \$40

BY GERALD CLARKE

What will historians say about Winston Churchill a hundred years from now? The question is pertinent—inescapable, in fact, because nearly a quarter-century after his death, we may remain too close to make an accurate judgment. Of all the larger-than-life figures of World War II—Roosevelt, Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini—Churchill remains the hardest to assess. Rarely has a great leader been so often right. Or so often wrong.

The second volume of William Manchester's projected triple-decker biography covers the years leading up to the outbreak of World War II, when Churchill was indisputably right. Out of power and derided as a crank, he sounded the alarm about the terrible plot being hatched inside Hitler's deranged mind. The story is familiar, but, told with skill and vivid anecdotes by Manchester, it continues to shock and horrify. Four times, by Churchill's count, firm action could have stopped Hitler without a shot's being fired; four times Britain's leaders, along with their counterparts in France, ignored or willfully misinterpreted the evidence: Hitler was hungry, and he planned to have Europe for dinner.

If the Abwehr, Germany's secret service, had placed agents in key positions in London, it could not have chosen better than, to name just two, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and his successor, Neville Chamberlain. Indeed, Nazi moles would not have dared to undermine Britain's defenses, diplomatic as well as military, as blatantly as did those two ambitious bumbles. After Hitler marched into the Rhineland in 1936, Baldwin rejected pressure to

appoint Churchill as Minister of Defense with the compelling logic that "if I pick Winston, Hitler will be cross." In 1938, after meeting the Führer, the deluded Chamberlain could say, "I got the impression that there was a man who could be relied upon when he had given his word."

Manchester ends his narrative in June 1940, when even Chamberlain had to admit his error, when France had fallen and the new Prime Minister, Churchill, addressed his imperiled country with an eloquence that was an army in itself. "Let us

therefore brace ourselves in our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say: *This was their finest hour.*"

Yet even then Hitler had influential admirers in London, and without Churchill's fierce spirit and dominating personality, it is quite possible that Britain would have made peace with him, perhaps changing the outcome of the war and modern history.

Martin Gilbert begins the eighth and final volume of his study—at 9.2 million words, the longest biography in history—several years later, just after the victory over Germany. By then Churchill was beginning to talk about the Soviet threat, which seemed to him as menacing as that of Germany ten years before. "An iron curtain in drawn down upon [the Soviet] front," he wrote President Truman. "We do not know what is going on behind."

The story is carried on through Churchill's 1945 defeat at the polls, the writing of his war memoirs, his second term at 10 Downing Street in the early '50s and, finally, his death at 90 in 1965. Gilbert's is the official biography, a day-by-day chronological account that seems to leave out nothing important and includes much that is not. Looked at on its own terms, it is an admirable monument to the great man, meticulously researched, scrupulously documented and well—or well enough—written.

But while it tells all, Gilbert's final volume tells it mainly from Churchill's viewpoint. Like the installments that preceded it, *Never Despair* gives little indication that, as his early critics noted, Churchill was often "a genius without judgment," a man with "a zigzag streak of lightning in the brain." As Manchester aptly observes, Churchill and his archenemy Hitler were alike in more ways than either would have cared to admit: both were brilliant orators capable of inspiring millions; both possessed wills of almost superhuman intensity; and both were meddlesome war leaders who constantly second-guessed their generals and set back their



Excerpt

But no British politician in this century has matched Winston's skill in keeping himself in the public eye... Even as a backbencher, he made news by his dramatic presence in the House of Commons, by his soaring speeches, by parliamentary tricks which just skirted the borderline of propriety, and by his way of digging into a pocket, producing classified documents, and reading selected passages aloud, with all the gaudy panache he alone could display, to an astonished House, press gallery, and public.

—The Last Lion

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causes as often as they advanced them.

Fortunately for the Allies, Churchill's mistakes, such as his decision to sacrifice thousands of British troops in a futile defense of Greece in 1941, were less disastrous than Hitler's, which cost him the war. But Churchill survived to write his own sometimes misleading history, which, until recently, has set the tone for many historians. Perhaps Manchester's final volume will help put both him and his role in better perspective. ■

Birth Pangs

THE KING OF THE FIELDS *Written and Translated by Isaac Bashevis Singer Farrar, Straus & Giroux*
244 pages; \$18.95

At age 84, Isaac Bashevis Singer continues to astonish. *The King of the Fields* is his second book of 1988. (*The Death of Methusalem*, a collection of stories, was published in April.) And this new novel, his first in five years, radically departs from nearly all his previous fiction. This time out, the setting is not a remote Polish village, the streets and cafés of Warsaw, or the expatriate haunts of Manhattan. "The story begins—when?" This opening sentence is the Nobel laureate's typically no-nonsense way of announcing a narrative that will unfold in an indeterminate past.

The Lesniks, a small tribe of hunter-gatherers, have been conquered by a marauding band of Poles, whose leader, Kral Rudy, wants to establish an agricultural base to feed his vision of a unified Polish nation. Those Lesniks who escaped the butchery of the invasion hide in the neighboring mountains, gathering strength for a counterattack. But Cybula, their elder, receives a peace offering. Cybula has his doubts, not only about his enemy's intentions but about the new way of life posed by the prospect of tilling the fields: "It was not necessary to tickle and scratch Mother Earth to make her produce."

Cybula nonetheless accepts the olive branch and brings most of his followers down from the mountain. Then culture shocks begin in earnest. A Jewish shoemaker arrives in the settlement, bearing strange tales of distant lands, the idea of one all-powerful God, and the methods of reading and writing. A Christian missionary appears. The women, tired of being routinely raped and brutalized, stage a revolution. Cybula, wearied by so much violence and change, pledges allegiance to Shmiercz, the god of death.

Singer's subject is nothing less than the birth pangs of civilization, as seen through the eyes of an intelligent but innocent victim of progress. And the writing—terse, colloquial, evocative—makes this ambitious history lesson seem an enchanting evening around a fireside. —By Paul Gray

Bookends

THE MASTER OF THE GAME
by Strobe Talbott
Knopf; 416 pages; \$19.95



"Paul Nitze has played all the positions in the game," Secretary of State George Shultz declared after the Moscow summit this spring. Indeed, the 81-year-old statesman has been involved in every aspect of nuclear-arms control, from his work with the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey in 1945, when he went to Hiroshima to calibrate the rubble, to his service as senior arms-control adviser to Shultz and President Reagan. His extraordinary life forms the backbone for an analytic history of the nuclear age by Strobe Talbott. *TIME*'s Washington bureau chief and author of two previous books on arms control, *Endgame* and *Deadly Gambits*.

The Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars) changed the game of arms control. Reagan's proposal was conceived by former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane as a great sting operation. Talbott reveals, designed to get the Soviets to trade away their heavy land-based missiles. Nitze's fervent goal was to cap his career with a "Grand Compromise" that would swap a reduction of offensive missiles for restrictions on strategic defenses. But to do this he often had to operate behind the back of the President. At the Reykjavik summit Nitze almost saw his dream fulfilled, only to have it dashed by the President's last-minute intransigence. Even then, Nitze worked quietly to keep the pieces of the puzzle in place as a legacy to the next Administration.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE ENEMY
by Graham Greene
Viking; 189 pages; \$17.95



The principal settings are those favorite corners of Greeneland, grimy London and a sunnier Third World capital, both pregnant with menace. The story lurches, sometimes comically, toward a classic Greene ending, which combines plausible irony with amazing grace. And the Captain is a typical Greene figure: a man of several names and many shadowy occupations and absences. His enemies are, of course, corrupt officialdom and bourgeois smugness. His story is told by Victor, the boy he says he won at backgammon, or maybe chess—the tale shifts with the passing years. Along with the wraithlike woman who is the Captain's unlikely grand passion, Victor is the chief beneficiary of a shifty, sometimes shiftless

man's redeeming devotion. He is also, in the end, the Captain's unwitting Judas. Greene, 84, wastes not a word in distilling the fictional preoccupations of a lifetime, omitting descriptive padding and elaborate transitions. But stripped down, the narrative runs fast and true across that bleak and poignant emotional landscape that is uniquely, immortally his.

WONDERFUL YEARS,
WONDERFUL YEARS
by George V. Higgins
Henry Holt; 261 pages; \$19.95



A former assistant U.S. Attorney and author of 15 novels, George Higgins again provides an insider's look at Boston's political-industrial complex. He also gives us a good listen. *Wonderful Years, Wonderful Years* echoes with the flat New England accents, mangled syntax and exuberant cynicism that have become Higgins' hallmarks. Bucky Arbuckle, factotum for contractor Ken Farley, must keep his boss's psychotic wife from talking about her husband's business. Federal authorities are investigating bribery and state contracts, and Farley did not get rich playing on a level field. Bucky has his own troubles with the law and must maneuver between self-interest and fealty. The novel arrives at an unexpectedly happy ending, or at least what passes for happiness among Higgins' Bay State guys and dolls.

GRACIE: A LOVE STORY
by George Burns
Putnam; 319 pages; \$16.95



He was the straight man, twiddling a cigar while the Dizzy Daze offered her unique brand of illogical logic: George Burns got 4% interest; Gracie Allen got 8% because she kept her money in two banks. The couple entered broadcasting in 1932, and Gracie stayed on a first-name basis with America until her death in 1964. Since then George has done his ageless solo, but he visits her grave every month, and it is evident that she is still crucially missed. In this comic valentine, the nonagenarian confesses that long ago he had an affair with a starlet. Guilt-stricken, he bought his wife a silver centerpiece. Seven years later Gracie said to a friend, "You know, I wish George would cheat again. I really need a new centerpiece." Her husband's affectionate conclusion is inarguable: "No one was ever any smarter when it came to being dumb." ■

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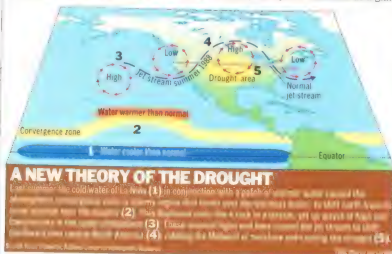
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At first Tim Barnett did not believe his own data. "I thought it was an error in the computer code," says the climate researcher at California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography. For one thing, the little-known phenomenon his model was predicting had not been witnessed since the mid-1970s. By last summer, however, Barnett's forecast was borne out by a "monstrous" 7°F plunge in ocean surface temperatures off equatorial South America. The drop heralded the arrival of a mysterious weather pattern called La

tinguish the "cold event" from El Niño, "the boy" or "Christ child," so named because it usually makes its appearance near Christmastime. Marked by an influx of warm water and winds from the western Pacific, El Niño is known to bring heavy winter rains to Peruvian deserts and warm weather to the U.S. West Coast. The two systems make up the extremes of a giant meteorological system called the Southern Oscillation that links the ocean and atmosphere in the Pacific. Normally the system functions as a giant



Niña, which brings unusually cold temperatures to the eastern Pacific. La Niña has since swept to the center of the climatic stage recently vacated by its better known heat-producing sibling El Niño.

Already La Niña has been credited with a role in causing this summer's drought in the Midwest, the deluges that flooded Bangladesh in September and the severe hurricane season in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. While widespread attention has been paid to the greenhouse effect—the trend toward global warming due to the increase of carbon dioxide and other gases in the atmosphere—some scientists believe that this winter La Niña will bring on a dramatic, though probably temporary, drop in average global temperatures. Says meteorologist and oceanographer James O'Brien of Florida State University: "We are predicting that by next year, average global temperature will retreat to 1950s levels, slowing up planetary warming by 30 to 35 years."

The name La Niña, Spanish for "the girl," was concocted two years ago to dis-

heat pump, distributing energy from the equator to the higher latitudes through storms brewed over the warm western Pacific. In conjunction with the oceans, these climatic patterns affect much of the world's weather, ranging from the monsoon season in southeast Asia and the Indian subcontinent to rainfall in South America and Africa.

Essentially, La Niña exaggerates the normal conditions of the Southern Oscillation. Because its last occurrence predates sophisticated satellite data gathering, the phenomenon is not very well understood. Scientists do know, however, that during a La Niña, easterly trade winds are stronger, the waters of the eastern Pacific off South America are colder and ocean temperatures in the western equatorial Pacific are warmer than normal. The result: coastal deserts in Peru and Chile become even drier than normal, and the subcontinent is inundated by heavier-than-usual rainfall and, often, flooding.

The current La Niña, scientists be-

lieve, displayed just such an effect in Bangladesh, where heavy rains and flooding have killed more than 1,000 people in recent months. They also suspect the high-altitude easterly winds that accompany the system of helping to foster this year's severe hurricane season in the southern Atlantic. Kevin Trenberth, chief of climate analysis at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, goes further, attributing this summer's drought in the Midwest in part to La Niña. One unusual characteristic of the present ocean cooling, he explains, is an accompanying warm patch of water near Hawaii. Trenberth thinks this conjunction pushed part of a tropical "convergence zone," where Pacific storms are formed, northward, thus forcing storms borne by the jet stream hundreds of miles north of their usual path over the U.S. Great Plains to Canada.

Climatologists are leery of predicting exactly how a vast atmospheric event like La Niña will affect weather in the U.S. or any other part of the world during the coming months. "The United States is a small area, and a subtle change in one area may have a profound effect on what we experience here," explains Chet Ropelewski of the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration. But many scientists are confident that this La Niña will have a broad effect on global temperatures, mainly by virtue of cooling an estimated 10% to 15% of the oceans—"a big piece of the world," as Florida State's O'Brien puts it. By contrast, the massive energy released in the two El Niños during the past decade may have pushed average global temperatures upward, possibly leaving a false impression of a global warming trend.

La Niña may for a time offset the greenhouse effect by aiding the absorption of carbon dioxide before it accumulates in the atmosphere. According to atmospheric chemist Charles Keeling of Scripps, a La Niña may slow the increase in atmospheric CO₂ by stimulating massive plant growth in areas of heavy rainfall. Keeling believes this La Niña might reduce CO₂ in the atmosphere by roughly 40% of the total produced annually by worldwide fossil-fuel burning.

As yet, climatologists do not understand the mechanism that links the cycle between El Niño and La Niña. When they do, it may actually be possible to predict rainfall in the American Midwest by measuring snowfall in the Himalayas. "There is a framework into which all these pieces fit," says Scripps' Barnett. "If we could see how all these pieces work together, we could really do some long-range forecasting." In the meantime, La Niña seems set to cast a corrective, if temporary, chill on global warming.

—By Eugene L. Iodice

—By Eugene Linden

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Music

Reggae's Bulgarian Acrobats

UB40 eases onto the chart tops with an old hit

BY JAY COCKS

No, no, no, it just doesn't happen this way. Smash Brit band, bedecked with hit singles and platinum albums from abroad, storms U.S. shores in 1983. Plays some concerts, manages to squeeze one hit onto the low midrange of the singles charts, then goes back home. Modest hit single, which had reached the No. 1 spot in twelve other countries, expires from widespread Stateside indifference. Band turns out more albums and sin-

that make the music business so curious. J.J. Morgan, a deejay at KKFR-FM in Phoenix, played the tune during a show in May, and, he reports, "within 24 hours, *Red Red Wine* was our most requested song. We didn't intend to make it a hit. It just happened."

Very confusing. UB40 has a typically excellent new album out, titled simply *UB40*, but *Red Red Wine* is on another, older album, *Labour of Love*, which is giving the newer record stiff sales competition. There was some thought among the

band could proudly stake a reputation.

"Our drums and bass lines are exactly the same as those in Jamaica," says UB40 vocalist-trumpeter Astro. "But our melody lines are different. They're influenced by English pop and Motown." Adds Campbell, who also provides vocals: "From the time we were kids together, we all only really listened to reggae. I hardly listened to anything else, apart from Motown, Stax, Sam Cooke, Otis Redding—and Jackie Wilson. He was my favorite." All the members of UB40 have known one another since their shared childhoods in Balsall Heath, a predominantly black neighborhood near the center of Birmingham. "It was a slum," says Campbell, but Brian Travers, who plays sax and acts as de facto spokesman, cautions, "Don't get the idea that we grew up poor, because we didn't. We didn't go hungry and have holes in our shoes or anything."

Though Balsall Heath is far from flash, the musicians still live there, within three miles of one another—"in nice houses," as drummer Jimmy Brown puts it, "because we've earned the money." UB40 takes a strong hand in its own management and general direction, and the band is careful to keep tight ties with the old neighborhood. "I remember when everyone in this band wet themselves as kids," says Travers. "No one dares behave like a star. The rest would just laugh. So we give ourselves away as being very plain. Like Bulgarian acrobats."

What set the UB40 boys apart, however, even in the early days, was their unblemished self-esteem. "We didn't think for a second that we weren't absolutely brilliant," Travers says. They would rehearse all day in a cellar, and sometimes paint the wall with their signatures, practicing autographs for the day they hit it big. They also lighted on what Travers calls a "master plan to conquer the world." They would play their hometown only once every six weeks. They told everyone they were too busy touring to appear more often, when, in fact, they were squirreled away in their rehearsal room, limbering up on their instruments and letting loose with the spray paint.

It wasn't until its first British chart success, *King Food for Thought* in 1980, that the band's momentum started to keep pace with its self-propulsion. Now that UB40 is sweeping the colonies, it looks for all the world not only like a terrific band but also an eight-man self-fulfilling prophecy. The band, which still acts like an extended Birmingham family and is run like an informal commune, has only one strict rule: "Do what you do easiest." Brian Travers explains that it means "you can do it best if it comes from you." Finally, then, UB40 can rest easy. *Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/Atlanta*



UB40: politics and passion passed along with a sun-kissed island beat

"It all seems a bit strange to us, but we can't be choosy."

gles, which are smashes everywhere but the U.S. The States remain puzzlingly obtuse about UB40's charms. Is it the band's slightly arcane name (which comes from the code number on a British unemployment form)? Is there some possible alphabetical confusion with another, even more successful band of Irish lineage? Or does America just not cotton to the trim reggae beat and keen, often politically pointed lyrics that UB40 handles so smoothly?

No matter. Not anymore, now that UB40 finally has its breakthrough American record, a splendid, island-tinged version of Neil Diamond's 1968 *Red Red Wine*. This is the same song UB40 couldn't put over five years ago. By one of those odd combinations of luck and fluke

eight band members that their record company, A&M, should have backed their recent work more strongly. "It all seems a bit strange to us," says lead guitarist Robin Campbell. "But we can't be choosy. Any hit record is a hit record. For us, it's kind of a vindication."

Nice timing too. In fact, Diamond's song is a fine introduction to UB40's sun-splashed funk, as long as listeners follow its affable lead and plunge into such originals as *Sing Our Own Song* (on the 1986 LP *Rat in the Kitchen*) or *Dance with the Devil* on the most recent album. It is on those tunes, righteous and rhythmic, that the band really proves itself. *Red Red Wine* may be a good song to hang your hat on, but on a UB40 tune like *Sing*, a

Cinema

Bearding the Butcher of Lyons

HOTEL TERMINUS: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KLAUS BARBIE by Marcel Ophüls

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

This is not, Marcel Ophüls insists, a biography of the notorious "Butcher of Lyons," convicted by a French court in 1987 of crimes against humanity as chief of the Gestapo unit stationed in that city during World War II. The film is, Ophüls says, a study of people's responses—the complicity, the indifference, the willed ignorance—to the face of evil presented to them by Klaus Barbie.

His strategy is sound. For Barbie is that familiar archetype, the sadist whose dark impulses might have remained impotent had they not been licensed by a police bureaucracy demanding results, and no questions asked. This pathology is beyond comprehension by conventional reportage, beyond control by conventional moral opprobrium. Confronting him, the decent individual can only defend his own integrity. The painful cost of that integrity is shown by the survivors of Barbie's interrogations, the witnesses to his depredations, in the interviews that form the film's redemptive center.

These gallant few provide the standard by which everyone else is judged: Nazis and their collaborators and, most important to Ophüls, the people who sheltered Barbie for almost 40 years. These include American counter-intelligence officers who used him as an anti-Communist agent, Vatican contacts who spirited him to South America and the corrupt establishments of Bolivia and Peru that helped him earn an enviable livelihood.

When a film aims to awaken moral awareness, it may seem ungrateful to inquire how it discharges its obligations to art. But there are long passages in *Hotel Terminus* (the title refers to the hostelry where Barbie had his headquarters) in which the picture's failure to select and shape its materials seriously vitiates its power to grip and instruct our consciences. Worse, there are deeply disquieting moments when Ophüls abandons the documentarian's traditionally modest on-screen role as a reporter in search of a story and presents himself instead as an egotist in search of a platform.

These flaws were present in his earlier four-hour-plus documentaries on the Nazis. *The Sor-*

row and the Pity (1971) and *The Memory of Justice* (1976). But *The Sorrow and the Pity* was, like a great realistic novel, dependent for its force on the patient, even repetitive, accretion of detail. By now, length and weight have become an end in itself for Ophüls, a way of enforcing the audience's commitment to his work. Anything that demands this much of us cannot be casually dismissed. Too much, though, is streaked with irrelevances: digressions and dubious stock footage; interviews with people who have no significant knowledge of Barbie's activities or are full of mind-numbing details about them; pointless sequences of Ophüls braving the anger of reluctant subjects or horseplaying with his crew.

These are indulgences and impositions. And they subtly debase the courage in truly dire circumstances of the men and women at the film's moral core. They also divert us from Ophüls' central frustration. He clearly wanted to show that Barbie was protected by Americans and other friends in high places, but he cannot prove it. Barbie owed his long freedom to his own international underclass of thugs, ideologues and opportunists. It is a reminder of that group's influence—and not as an inflated moral statement—that *Hotel Terminus* has its considerable, unintended value. ■



Honors and ID for the Gestapo chief

Sorrow and pity, complicity and indifference.



Donohoe: kiss of the snake woman

The Lady Vamps

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM

Directed and written by Ken Russell

Ken Russell is the movies' version of your dotty old aunt—the one who lives in a house overstuffed with curios, who natters engagingly about arcane matters and who, when you ask for a snack, whips up a feast too big for one tummy or a hundred. Don't tell Russell that less is more; he'll say that too much is not nearly enough. His films (*The Devils*, *Mahler*, *Altered States*) are unguided tours of aesthetic excess. They turn classical composers into heavy-metall hellions, history into ranting nightmare, the Great Books into underground comics.

Bram Stoker's novel *The Lair of the White Worm* is nothing like a great book, but its outline offers Russell plenty of fodder for his fantasies. An archaeologist unearths the skull of a giant reptile and thus unleashes a pestilence on England's Peak district, courtesy of Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe). In her worship of a humongous subterranean worm, this venomous vamp sprouts fangs, spits at crucifixes, sups on the locals and searches for a sacrificial virgin—no mean feat, since Russell has set his story in the 1980s.

The snake has all the lines here: "Name your poison," says Lady Sylvia to a toothsome aristocrat. Russell oils the dialogue with lots of slithering images: killer vacuum-cleaner hoses and serpentine watch hands. Snakes and Ladders gameboards and pickled earthworms in aspic. With all the dream demons and succubus seductions, the movie starts to look like a man's fearful scenario of woman's seductive power. Is Russell just kidding or deadly serious? The answer is, as always, both. His campfire tale may be more camp than fire, but it shows the cinema's last angry mannerist in good humor and fine form.

—By Richard Corliss

People

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN/Reported by David E. Thigpen



Breaking Out of a Bizarre Bestiary

No more deer cursed with bull's-eye birthmarks. No more floppy fowl on boneless-chicken farms. No more praying mantis tea parties where guests decline snacks, saying, "No thank you, dear, I just ate my children." At the end of the week, **Gary Larson** will publish his last *Far Side* syndicated comic strip and

take off on a 14-month sabbatical. But fans of his bizarre bestiary will not have to go cold turkey. They will be able to sustain themselves on daily reruns from his previous nine years, as well as on bound compilations of his pieces such as *Night of the Crash Test Dummies*. Larson, once a professional musician, will

be immersing himself in jazz-guitar studies. He will almost certainly be picking up basketball games in his Seattle neighborhood. And he will be enjoying the company of his wife of six months, Toni Carmichael. But if his penultimate strip is any indication, Larson may really be trying to get away from a nightmarish



vision. That cartoon will feature the artist peering over his shoulder to see a herd of *Far Side* cattle, armed with hoes and bats, pushing ominously into his workroom. That's the penalty for Grand Larson.



Nasty Gleams in Their Eyes

Once a glitzy *Dynasty* spin-off. The *Colbys* has now gone the way of all ratings duds. But next week scheming Sable Colby (**Stephanie Beacham**) will return—on *Dynasty* itself—to do regular battle against the show's dominatrix, Alexis, played by **Joan Collins**. "We met each other with nasty gleams in our eyes," says Beacham, "but *Dynasty* hasn't been doing well, and she can't save it alone." They now make each other laugh. How long can they keep us amused?

The Sound of One Pol Rapping

Over the past year or so, former California Governor **JERRY BROWN** has wandered meditatively through Asia, sheltering in a Zen monastery in Kyoto and succoring the poor with Mother Teresa in Calcutta. This summer Brown returned Siddhartha-like from his journey to the east, and last week he established residency in San Francisco. Ready to dispense wisdom? Well, perhaps readier to run for California Democratic Party chairman. Brown isn't announcing yet, but, he says, "I've been in touch with a number of people who are encouraging me and who support my candidacy." His party could use some enlightening up.



A Scary Sort Of Trinity

It's not surprising that the author of *Interview with the Vampire* and *The Vampire Lestat* should like musty antiques—from her antebellum New Orleans home to her many bone-pale dolls. But the scary thing about **Anne Rice** is that she is three writers in one. Under her own name, she debuts this week with *Queen of the Damned*, her latest vampire book and an instant best seller. As Anne Rampling, she writes sensual romances. And as A.N. Roquelaure, she creates sadomasochistic fantasies—minus the "gruesome elements that are always thrown in by hacks." Adds Rice: "I wanted to make a sort of Disneyland of *Sand M*." Ouch!



Meowing into Prince's Heart

"I pretended I couldn't dance very well," **CAT GLOVER** says of her audition with the rock star Prince two years ago. "Then he started doing this small stutter step, and I started doing it too, and he noticed and smiled." Since then, Glover's sinuous lines have figured in almost all Princely records, videos, movies and tours. Onstage she wears the same silver heart he does, and now she has moved to his hometown, Minneapolis. "I don't exactly have my own place," she says—but don't expect this Cat to be living in an alley.

Go Do Your Homework!

Fred Savage, 12, and his brother Ben, 8, aren't the *Little Monsters* of their movie's title. But their sister Kayla, 10, is. She has a bit part as a mischievous gremlin from the netherworld who tears through the toys and food in Fred and Ben's room. But guess who gets disciplined in the end? Poor Fred. Last week the star of ABC's *The Wonder Years* wasn't allowed to promote the movie, which is due next



year, because his dad wants him to straighten out his real-life schoolwork. Still, director Richard Greenberg gives Savage good marks. Says Greenberg: "Fred is definitely a leading man. He has remarkable timing." He just has to hit the books a bit harder.

A Dimmed Star Shines Again

At the 1972 Summer Olympics, **Olga Korbut** galvanized gymnastics with her pixie smile. But younger gymnasts soon took the spotlight from her. "I got married, had a son, raised my family," says Korbut, 33. "Sometimes you have to make sacrifices." In New York City last week Korbut, who coaches in anonymity in Belorussia, was touched by a crush of autograph requests. "My hand is tired," she says. Proud of two protégés on this year's Soviet team, she is planning to set up a gymnastics school in the U.S.





Living out his dream, most valuable pitcher Hershiser hurled Los Angeles to two of its four victories

A Series of Ultimate Fantasies

When those little Dodgers got thrown in with the mighty A's

BY TOM CALLAHAN

People, not numbers, play baseball, the Dodgers proved again. What folly to explain the game's latest outlandish finding in figures like the Oakland batting average and the Los Angeles ERA, when everyone who watched the World Series knows that Kirk Gibson and Orel Hershiser cannot be explained any more than Mickey Hatcher can be believed.

To start things off, on consecutive nights in Los Angeles, something close to the ultimate hitter's and pitcher's daydreams were played out in such implausible detail that it strained decency. The A's led in the ninth inning of the first game, 4-3. Had there been one out instead of two, two on instead of one, that would have been enough. But the win-or-lose situation was perfectly framed, as that stubby spirit Gibson emerged from the infirmary to take his only hack on crippled legs that said home run or nothing. On a 3-and-2 pitch, naturally, the Dodgers won, 5-4.

While less suspenseful, the next game was even harder to swallow. In itself, Hershiser's 6-0 shutout was unsurprising. After topping off his Cy Young season with 59 scoreless innings—one more than Don Drysdale's eternal streak—he had blanked the blankety-blank Mets in the

playoffs. But against Oakland, the hits that Hershiser allowed weren't as astonishing as those he accumulated: three of them. No Series pitcher had given as good as he got since the Yankees' Don Larsen went 0-for-2 in 1956. Orel yielded three singles but took two doubles and a single back. Stretching the ridiculous was a pregame portrait of his Rockwellian mom and dad, the Little League Parents of the Year, tossing out first balls.

At home, Oakland won the third game, 2-1, on a ninth-inning homer by Mark McGwire off Jay Howell. But a day later, Howell coerced McGwire into popping up with the bases loaded to save a 4-3 victory. The A's started to get the picture. To assist in melodrama, a clutter of wounded Dodgers joined Gibson and Dr. Frank Jobe in the training room. The patients of Jobe included Mike Marshall, Mike Scioscia and starting pitcher John Tudor, whose elbow gave out, maybe forever, after only four batters.

Mickey Hatcher homers, as likely as Walt Weiss errors, multiplied. In fact, the Series images are largely of Hatcher doing everything, throwing his ample body on bases as though they were hand grenades. "You don't have to have all the talent in the world," he said, "if the team plays together."

Manager Tommy Lasorda's prescience began with his use of Hatcher. Besides making a concert of the hit and run, Lasorda also let the A's alumnus Mike Davis ("a buck-ninety hitter," as Dennis Eckersley moaned) swing away in the fifth game on a 3-and-0 count—for a homer, of course. Wisest of all, he persisted with Hershiser in the treacherous moment of that last 5-2 victory, when the choirboy was so spooked he actually sang hymns. "Today I'm living out the dream," Hershiser had said, "of a kid who was funny looking, wore glasses, had arms down to his knees and ended up playing in the majors."

The Dodgers' inspired tactic was to exalt the Mets and A's and emphasize their own ordinariness. "You guys don't get much respect," someone told emergency catcher Rick Dempsey. "We don't deserve much respect," he replied. Oakland manager Tony La Russa was able to stand about one day

of that. "They're the National League champions, aren't they?" he snapped. "I've been hearing about National League superiority my whole life."

Though the American League has won its share of '80s titles—well, four of the nine—the old paranoia is always pricking to break out. "They never miss a chance to put you down," griped Don Baylor, a junior-circuit man of 17 years' standing. "It's always been that way, and anyone who's ever played in a World Series or All-Star Game feels the same." Even with modern cross-pollination, National Leaguers have kept a reputation for playing harder, though it was an American Leaguer from Detroit, Gibson, who stirred the Dodgers. As Hershiser said, he made it "cool" to sweat. Perhaps what's better in the old league isn't the players or the way they play, but the game they play. Watching Hershiser at the bat and on the bases was an argument for nine-man baseball. "I don't like the dh," he said. "I hate the rule. It's terrible." Is there a higher authority on the game at the moment?

In his champagne-soaked B.V.D.'s, the MVP made the winners' tour of the losers' quarters, bucking up, in particular, the Cuban strongman Jose Canseco, who crashed one home run and made 18 outs. "Pretty soon we'll be able to think of all the good things," Canseco said. "Pretty soon you'll see some smiles." When someone sought to know the toughest part of the whole thing, Canseco replied, "Doing the Spanish interviews." As he said it, he winked at Hershiser.

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